

*Cameos of Literature—Volume III*

# THE GLEEMAN

A BOOK OF STORIES IN  
SONG

EDITED BY

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1920

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## P R E F A C E

THE size of the ordinary collection of poetry for school use does not permit the inclusion of many of the longer poems which are in some respects more suitable for middle-form reading than a large number of our finest lyrics. I have therefore selected for inclusion in this volume a number of story-poems which have been found to be highly acceptable to pupils in middle forms as well as in upper standards of primary schools. Only one of the pieces is an 'extract,' namely, *The Battle of Flodden*, but enough information is given to supply the mental background necessary for the understanding and enjoyment of the famous passage. The selection from *Hiawatha* does not suffer in the least degree from being taken from its setting.

The footnotes are intended to be used in reading each poem for the first time, when the pupil is simply concerned to understand the story. The notes in the Commentary at the end of the book are supplementary, and are meant to be used in a second reading, or, if the teacher prefers, to be neglected.

From a purely literary point of view this collection is

## PREFACE

frankly unequal. Its aim is to introduce the pupil to poetry rather than to the poets, and for this reason very little personal information is given about the writers. As every teacher of literature knows quite well, it is the story-poem which enlists the interest of boys and girls in their early youth, and remembering this, it is possible to train incidentally the ear and the æsthetic sense. The boy or girl who has learnt to love the story-poem will pass, later, to appreciation of the poem of sentiment or reflection and the lyric.

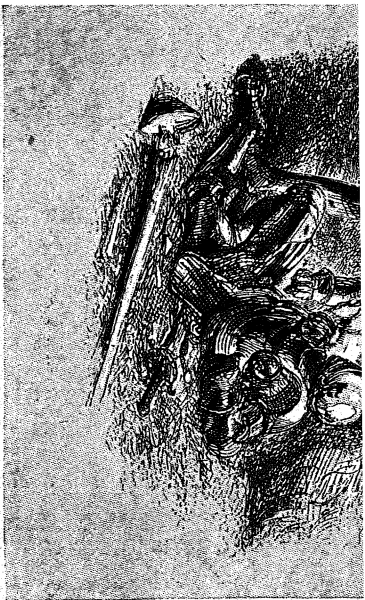
R. W.

LONDON, 1907.

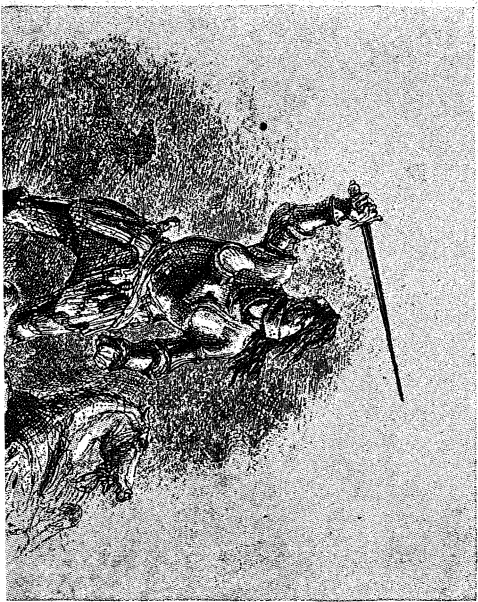


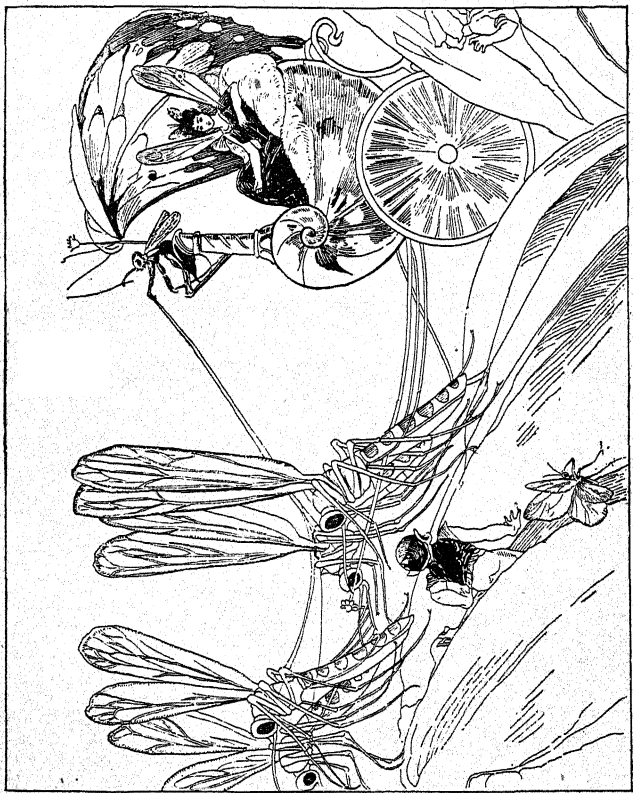






*With dints were beaten down.*





*Her chariot ready straight is made.*



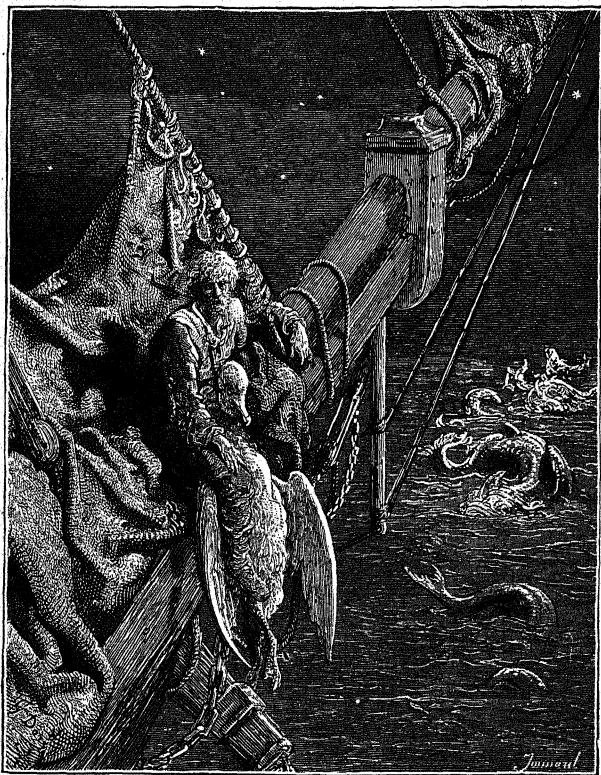
*'Dear Puck,' quoth he, 'my Queen is gone.'*



*Together furiously they ran.*

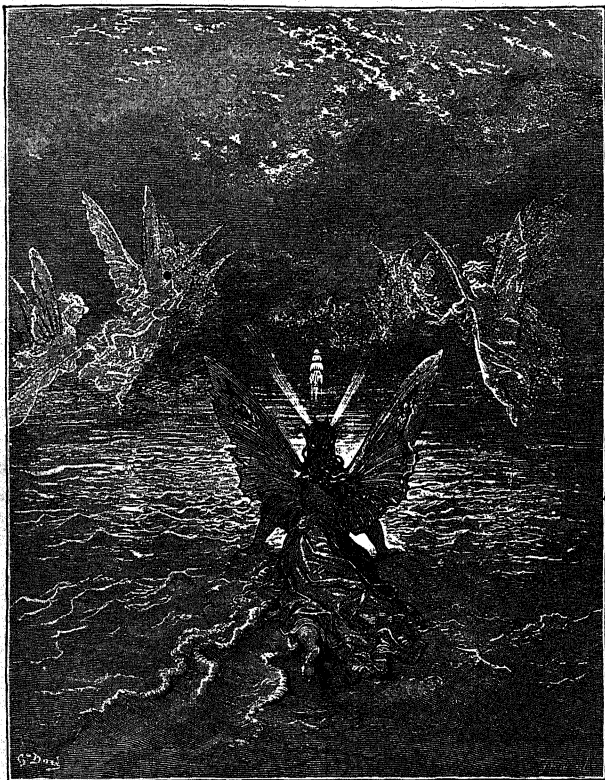


*He holds him with his skinny hand.*



*'The Albatross about my neck was hung.'*





*The upper air burst into life.*



*'But why drives on that ship so fast?'*



*Stoutly they braved the current's course.*



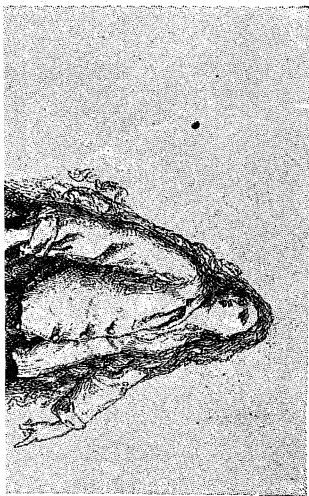
*With the Baron's casque, the maid  
To the nigh streamlet ran.*



*The nuns whom yesterweek  
Her voice did charge and bless.*



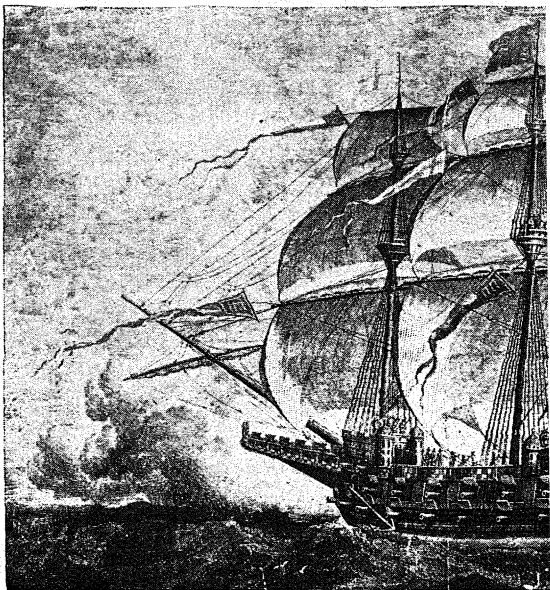
*She stands amid them all unmoved.*



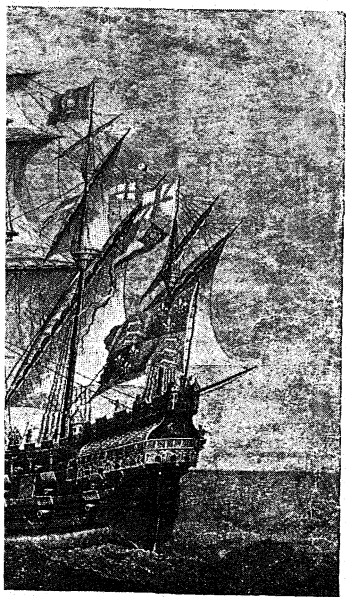


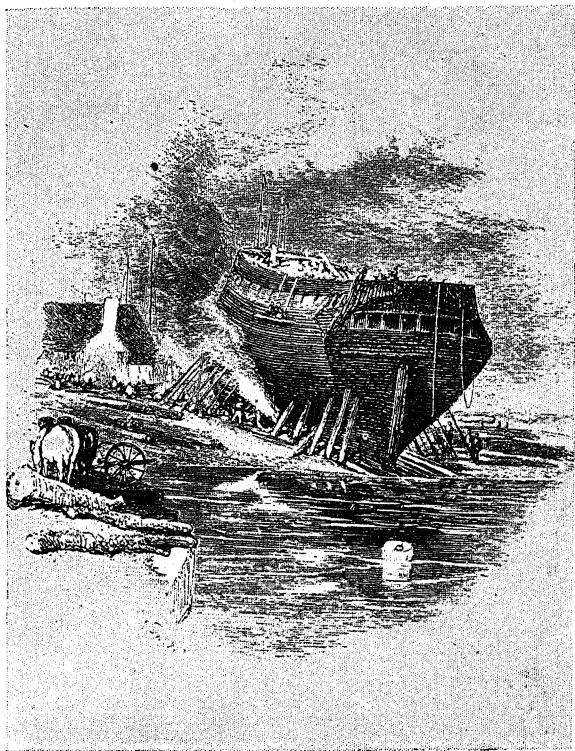
*'I am happy with Osseo.'*



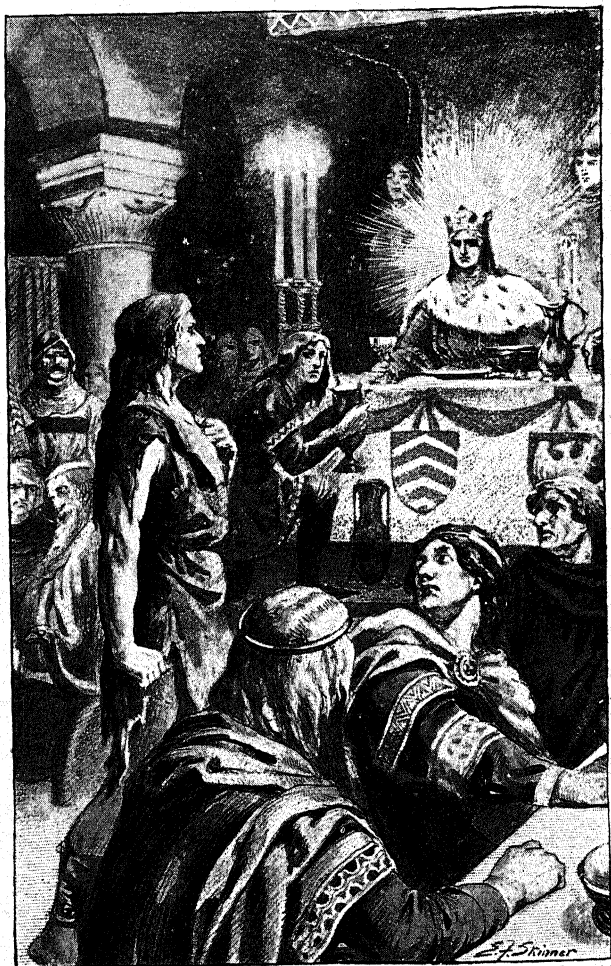


*The Great Harry.*





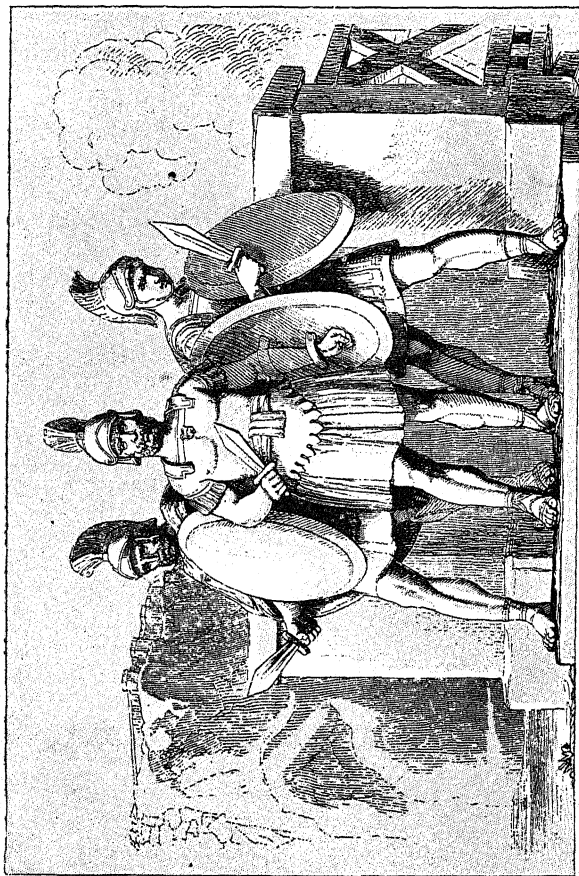
*She seems to feel  
The thrill of life along her keel.*



*There on the dais sat another king.*

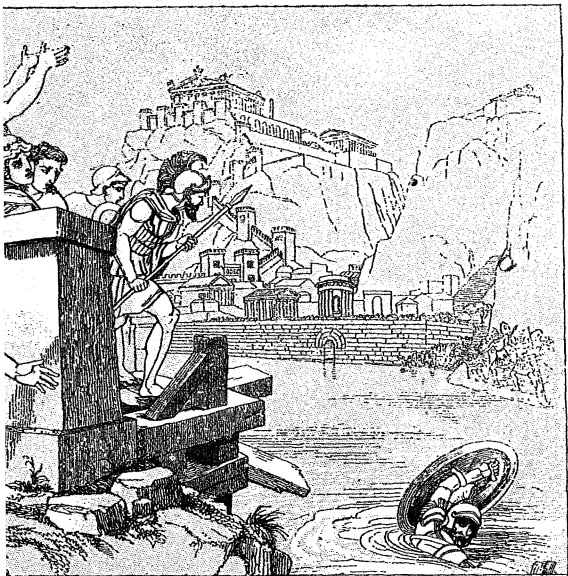


*Smote upon the planks above  
And loosed the props below.*



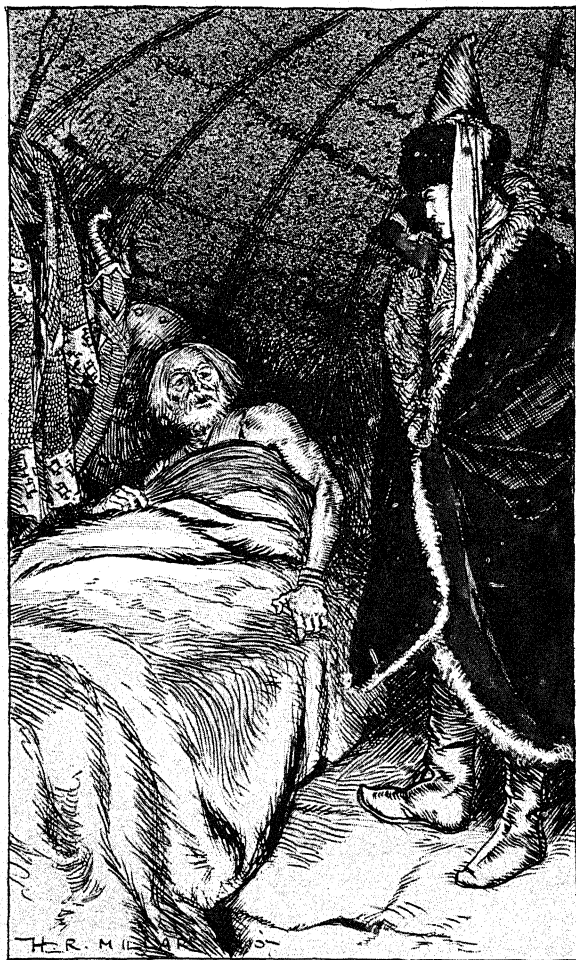
*The Three stood calm and silent.*





*With his harness on his back,  
Plunged headlong in the tide.*





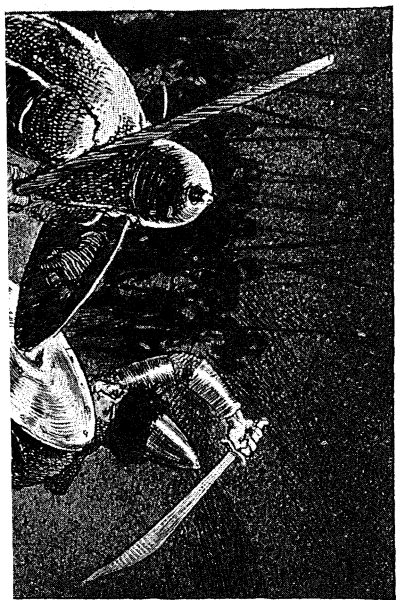
*He rose quickly on one arm.*

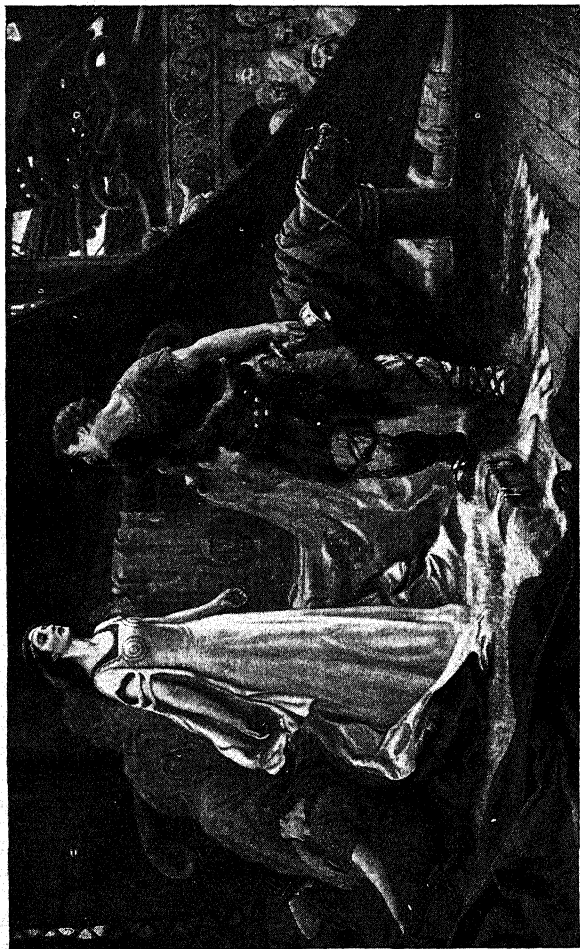


*'Art thou not Rustum?'*



*Then the gloom grew blacker.*





*'Pledge me in my golden cup.'*



*'An arm  
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake.'*



*For all his face  
Was white and colourless.*



*'A daughter of our meadows.'*





"Buy from us with @ golden curl"



Himself he on an earwig set,  
Yet scarce he on his back could get,  
So oft and high he did curvét,  
    Ere he himself could settle :  
He made him turn, and stop, and bound,  
To gallop and to trot the round,  
He scarce could stand on any ground,  
    He was so full of mettle

When soon he met with Tomalin,  
One that a valiant knight had been,  
And to King Oberon of kin ;  
    Quoth he, 'Thou manly Fairy,  
Tell Oberon I come prepared,  
Then bid him stand upon his guard ;  
This hand his baseness shall reward,  
    Let him be ne'er so wary.

'Say to him thus, that I defy  
His slanders and his infamy,  
And as a mortal enemy  
    Do publicly proclaim him :  
Withal that if I had mine own,  
He should not wear the Fairy crown,  
But with a vengeance should come down,  
    Nor we a king should name him.'

This Tomalin could not abide,  
To hear his sovereign vilified ;  
But to the Fairy Court him hied,  
    (Full furiously he posted),

## NYMPHIDIA

With everything Pigwigin said :  
How tittle to the crown he laid,  
And in what arms he was arrayed,  
As how himself he boasted.

'Twixt head and foot, from point to point  
He told the arming of each joint,  
In every piece how neat and quaint,  
For Tomalin could do it :  
How fair he sat, how sure he rid,  
As of the courser he bestrid,  
How managed, and how well he did ;  
The King which listened to it,

Quoth he, ' Go, Tomalin, with speed,  
Provide me arms, provide my steed,  
And everything that I shall need ;  
By thee I will be guided ;  
To straight account call thou thy wit ;  
See there be wanting not a whit,  
In everything see thou me fit,  
Just as my foe's provided.'

Soon flew this news through Fairy-land,  
Which gave Queen Mab to understand  
The combat that was then in hand  
Betwixt those men so mighty :  
Which greatly she began to rue,  
Perceiving that all Faery knew  
The first occasion from her grew  
Of these affairs so weighty.

Wherefore attended with her maids,  
Through fogs, and mists, and damps she wades,  
To Proserpine the Queen of Shades,

To treat, that it would please her  
The cause into her hands to take,  
For ancient love and friendship's sake,  
And soon thereof an end to make,  
Which of much care would ease her.

A while there let we Mab alone,  
And come we to King Oberon,  
Who, armed to meet his foe, is gone,

For proud Pigwiggin crying :  
Who sought the Fairy King as fast,  
And had so well his journeys cast,  
That he arrivèd at the last,  
His puissant foe espying.

Stout Tomalin came with the King,  
Tom Thumb doth on Pigwiggin bring,  
That perfect were in everything

To single fights belonging :  
And therefore they themselves engage,  
To see them exercise their rage,  
With fair and comely equipage,  
Not one the other wronging.

So like in arms these champions were,  
As they had been a very pair,  
So that a man would almost swear  
That either had been either ;

## NYMPHIDIA

Their furious steeds began to neigh,  
That they were heard a mighty way ;  
Their staves upon their rests they lay ;  
Yet ere they flew together,

Their seconds minister an oath,  
Which was indifferent to them both,  
That on their knightly faith and troth  
No magic them supplièd ;  
And sought them that they had no charms,  
Wherewith to work each other harms,  
But came with simple open arms  
To have their causes trièd.

Together furiously they ran,  
That to the ground came horse and man,  
The blood out of their helmets span,  
So sharp were their encounters ;  
And though they to the earth were thrown,  
Yet quickly they regained their own,  
Such nimbleness was never shown,  
They were two gallant mounters.

When in a second course again,  
They forward came with might and main,  
Yet which had better of the twain,  
The seconds could not judge yet ;  
Their shields were into pieces cleft,  
Their helmets from their heads were reft,  
And to defend them nothing left,  
These champions would not budge yet.

Away from them their staves they threw,  
Their cruel swords they quickly drew,  
And freshly they the fight renew,  
    They every stroke redoubled ;  
Which made Prosérpina take heed,  
And make to them the greater speed,  
For fear lest they too much should bleed,  
    Which wondrously her troubled.

When to the infernal Styx she goes,  
She takes the fogs from thence that rose,  
And in a bag doth them enclose :  
    When well she had them blended.  
She hies her then to Lethé spring,  
A bottle and thereof doth bring,  
Wherewith she meant to work the thing  
    Which only she intended.

Now Proserpine with Mab is gone,  
Unto the place where Oberon  
And proud Pigwiggin, one to one,  
    Both to be slain were likely :  
And there themselves they closely hide,  
Because they would not be espied ;  
For Proserpine meant to decide  
    The matter very quickly,

*Styx*: the river of the Underworld across which Char departed souls.

*Lethé*: the spring whose waters, when drunk, caused  
ness of everything.

And suddenly unties the poke,  
Which out of it sent such a smoke,  
As ready was them all to choke,  
    So grievous was the pother ;  
So that the knights each other lost,  
And stood as still as any post :  
Tom Thumb nor Tomalin could boast  
    Themselves of any other.

But when the mist 'gan somewhat cease ;  
Prosérpina commandeth peace ;  
And that a while they should release  
    Each other of their peril :  
' Which here,' quoth she, ' I do proclaim  
To all in dreadful Pluto's name,  
That as ye will eschew his blame,  
    You let me hear the quarrel

' But here yourselves you must engage,  
Somewhat to cool your spleenish rage ;  
Your grievous thirst and to assuage  
    That first you drink this liquor,  
Which shall your understanding clear,  
As plainly shall to you appear ;  
Those things from me that you shall hear,  
    Conceiving much the quicker.'

This Lethé water, you must know,  
The memory destroyeth so,  
That of our weal, or of our woe,  
    Is all remembrance blotted,



Of it nor can you ever think ;  
For they no sooner took this drink,  
But naught into their brains could sink  
Of what had them besotted.

King Oberon forgotten had  
That he for jealousy ran mad,  
But of his Queen was wondrous glad,  
And asked how they came thither :  
Pigwigginn likewise doth forget  
That he Queen Mab had ever met,  
Or that they were so hard beset,  
When they were found together.

Nor neither of them both had thought  
That e'er they each had other sought,  
Much less that they a combat fought,  
But such a dream were loathing.  
Tom Thumb had got a little sup,  
And Tomalin scarce kissed the cup,  
Yet had their brains so sure locked up,  
That they remembered nothing

Queen Mab and her light maids, the while,  
Amongst themselves do closely smile,  
To see the King caught with this wile,  
With one another jesting .  
And to the Fairy Court they went,  
With mickle joy and merriment,  
Which thing was done with good intent,  
And thus I left them feasting.

*THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER*

## PART I

It is an ancient Mariner,  
And he stoppeth one of three.  
'By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,  
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The Bridegroom's doors are open'd wide,  
And I am next of kin;  
The guests are met, the feast is set:  
May'st hear the merry din.'

He holds him with his skinny hand,  
'There was a ship,' quoth he.  
'Hold off! unhand me, greybeard loon!  
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—  
The Wedding-Guest stood still,  
And listens like a three years' child:  
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:  
He cannot choose but hear;  
And thus spake on that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed Marinere.

'The ship was cheer'd, the harbour clear'd,  
Merrily did we drop  
Below the kirk, below the hill,  
Below the lighthouse top.

The Sun came up upon the left,  
Out of the sea came he !  
And he shone bright, and on the right  
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,  
Till over the mast at noon——'  
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,  
For he heard the loud bassoon.

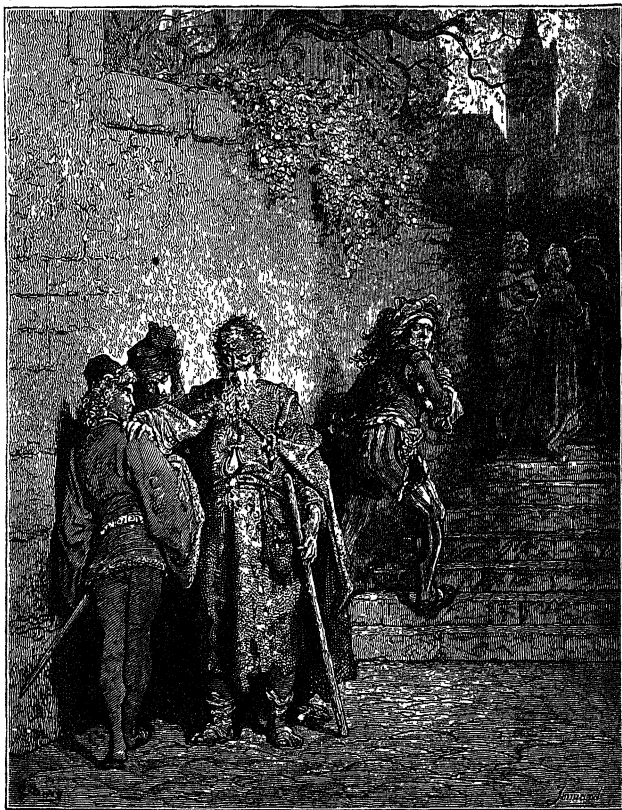
The bride hath paced into the hall,  
Red as a rose is she ;  
Nodding their heads before her goes  
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,  
Yet he cannot choose but hear ;  
And thus spake on that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed Marinere.

' And now the Storm-blast came, and he  
Was tyrannous and strong :  
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,  
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,  
As who pursued with yell and blow  
Still treads the shadow of his foe,  
And forward bends his head,  
The ship drove fast, loud roar'd the blast,  
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,  
And it grew wondrous cold :



*He holds him with his skinny hand.*

And ice, mast-high, came floating by,  
As grēen as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts  
Did send a dismal sheen :  
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—  
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around .  
It crack'd and growl'd, and roar'd and howl'd,  
Like noises in a swound !

At length did cross an Albatross,  
Thorough the fog it came ;  
As if it had been a Christian<sup>s</sup> soul,  
We hail'd it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,  
And round and round it flew.  
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;  
The helmsman steer'd us through !

And a good south wind sprung up behind ;  
The Albatross did follow,  
And every day, for food or play,  
Came to the mariners' hollo !

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,  
It perch'd for vespers nine ;  
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,  
Glimmer'd the white moonshine.'

'God save thee, ancient Mariner,  
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—  
Why look'st thou so?'—'With my crossbow  
I shot the Albatross.'

## PART II

'The Sun now rose upon the right :  
Out of the sea came he,  
Still hid in mist, and on the left  
Went down into the sea

And the good south wind still blew behind.  
But no sweet bird did follow,  
Nor any day for food or play  
Came to the mariners' hollo !

And I had done a hellish thing,  
And it would work 'em woe :  
For all averr'd I had kill'd the bird  
That made the breeze to blow.  
Ah wretch ! said they, the bird to slay,  
That made the breeze to blow !

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,  
The glorious Sun uprist :  
Then all averr'd I had kill'd the bird  
That brought the fog and mist.  
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,  
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,  
The furrow follow'd free ;

We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sail dropt down,  
'Twas sad as sad could be ;  
And we did speak only to break  
The silence of the sea !

All in a hot and copper sky,  
The bloody Sun, at noon,  
Right up above the mast did stand,  
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,  
And all the boards did shrink ;  
Water, water, everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot : O Christ !  
That ever this should be !  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout  
The death-fires danced at night ;  
The water, like a witch's oils,  
Burnt green, and blue, and white.



*'The Albatross about my neck was hung'*



And some in dreams assurèd were  
Of the Spirit that plagued us so ;  
Nine fathom deep he had follow'd us  
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,  
Was wither'd at the root ;  
We could not speak, no more than if  
We had been choked with soot.

Ah ! well a-day ! what evil looks  
Had I from old and young !  
Instead of the cross, the Albatross  
About my neck was hung.'

### PART III

'There passed a weary time. Each throat  
Was parch'd, and glazed each eye.  
A weary time ! a weary time !  
How glazed each weary eye !  
When looking westward, I beheld  
A something in the sky

At first it seem'd a little speck,  
And then it seem'd a mist ;  
It moved and moved, and took at last  
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !  
And still it near'd and near'd :  
As if it dodged a water-sprite,  
It plunged, and tack'd, and veer'd.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
We could nor laugh nor wail ;  
Through utter drought all dumb we stood !  
I bit my arm, I suck'd the blood,  
And cried, A sail ! a sail !

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
Agape they heard me call :  
Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,  
And all at once their breath drew in,  
As they were drinking all.

See ! see ! (I cried) she tacks no more !  
Hither to work us weal—  
Without a breeze, without a tide,  
She steadies with upright keel !

The western wave was all aflame,  
The day was wellnigh done !  
Almost upon the western wave  
Rested the broad, bright Sun ;  
When that strange shape drove suddenly  
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was fleck'd with bars  
(Heaven's Mother send us grace !),  
As if through a dungeon-grate he peer'd  
With broad and burning face.

Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)  
How fast she nears and nears !  
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,  
Like restless gossameres ?

Are those her ribs through which the Sun  
Did peer, as through a grate?  
And is that Woman all her crew?  
Is that a Death? and are there two?  
Is Death that Woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,  
Her locks were yellow as gold.  
Her skin was as white as leprosy,  
The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she,  
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,  
And the twain were casting dice;  
"The game is done! I've won! I've won!"  
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:  
At one stride comes the dark;  
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,  
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listen'd and look'd sideways up;  
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,  
My life-blood seem'd to sip!  
The stars were dim, and thick the night,  
The steersman's face by his lamp gleam'd  
white,  
From the sails the dew did drip—  
Till clomb above the eastern bar  
The horn'd Moon, with one bright star  
Within the nether tip.

## THE ANCIENT MARINER

One after one, by the star-dogg'd Moon,  
Too quick for groan or sigh,  
Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang,  
And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men  
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),  
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,  
They dropp'd down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly—  
They fled to bliss or woe!  
And every soul, it pass'd me by  
Like the whizz of my crossbow!

### PART IV

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!  
I fear thy skinny hand!  
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,  
As is the ribb'd sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,  
And thy skinny hand so brown.'—  
'Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!  
This body dropt not down

Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide, wide sea!  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful !  
And they all dead did lie :  
And a thousand thousand slimy things  
Lived on ; and so did I.

I look'd upon the rotting sea,  
And drew my eyes away ;  
I look'd upon the rotting deck,  
And there the dead men lay.

I look'd to heaven, and tried to pray ;  
But or ever a prayer had gusht,  
A wicked whisper came, and made  
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,  
And the balls like pulses beat ;  
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,  
Lay like a load on my weary eye,  
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,  
Nor rot nor reek did they :  
The look with which they look'd on me  
Had never pass'd away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell  
A spirit from on high ;  
But oh ! more horrible than that  
Is the curse in a dead man's eye !  
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,  
And yet I could not die.

The moving Moon went up the sky,  
And nowhere did abide ;  
Softly she was going up,  
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemock'd the sultry main,  
Like April hoar-frost spread ;  
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,  
The charmed water burnt alway  
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,  
I watch'd the water-snakes :  
They moved in tracks of shining white,  
And when they rear'd, the elfish light  
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship  
I watch'd their rich attire :  
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
They coil'd and swam ; and every track  
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things ! no tongue  
Their beauty might declare :  
A spring of love gush'd from my heart,  
And I bless'd them unaware :  
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,  
And I bless'd them unaware.

The selfsame moment I could pray ;  
And from my neck so free  
The Albatross fell off, and sank  
Like lead into the sea.'

## PART V

'O sleep ! it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole !  
To Mary Queen the praise be given !  
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,  
That slid into my soul.

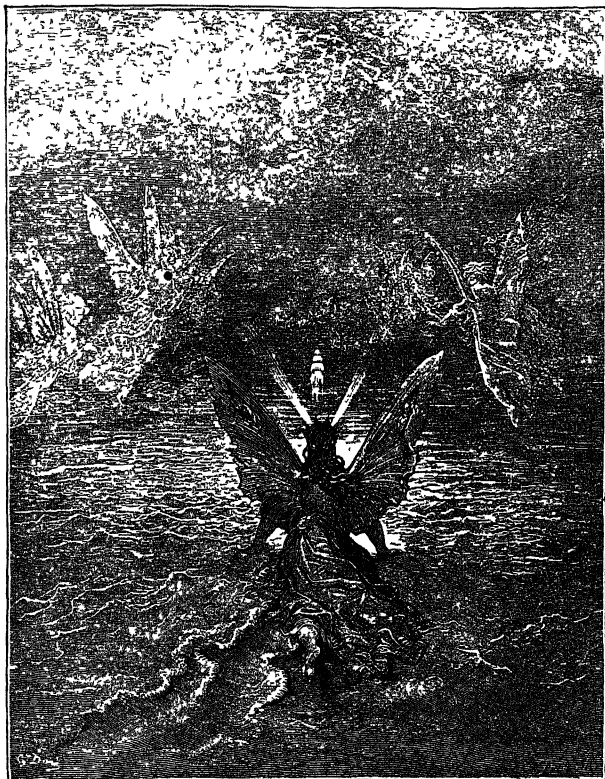
The silly buckets on the deck,  
That had so long remain'd,  
I dreamt that they were fill'd with dew ;  
And when I awoke, it rain'd.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,  
My garments all were dank ;  
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,  
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs :  
I was so light—almost  
I thought that I had died in sleep,  
And was a blessèd ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind :  
It did not come anear ;  
But with its sound it shook the sails,  
That were so thin and sere

The upper air burst into life ;  
And a hundred fire-flags sheen ;  
To and fro they were hurried about !  
And to and fro, and in and out,  
The wan stars danced between.



*. The upper air burst into life.*



And the coming wind did roar more loud,  
And the sails did sigh like sedge ;  
And the rain pour'd down from one black cloud ;  
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still  
The Moon was at its side ;  
Like waters shot from some high crag,  
The lightning fell with never a jag,  
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reach'd the ship,  
Yet now the ship moved on !  
Beneath the lightning and the Moon  
The dead men gave a groan.

They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all uprose,  
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;  
It had been strange, even in a dream,  
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steer'd, the ship moved on ;  
Yet never a breeze up-blew ;  
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,  
Where they were wont to do ,  
They rais'd their limbs like lifeless tools—  
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son  
Stood by me, knee to knee :  
The body and I pull'd at one rope,  
But he said naught to me.'

## THE ANCIENT MARINER

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner !'  
'Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest :  
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,  
Which to their corpses came again,  
But a troop of spirits blest :

For when it dawn'd—they dropp'd their arms  
And cluster'd round the mast ;  
Sweet Sounds rose slowly through their mouths  
And from their bodies pass'd.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,  
Then darted to the Sun ;  
Slowly the sounds came back again,  
Now mix'd, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky  
I heard the skylark sing ;  
Sometimes all little birds that are,  
How they seem'd to fill the sea and air  
With their sweet jargoning !

And now 'twas like all instruments,  
Now like a lonely flute ;  
And now it is an angel's song,  
That makes the Heavens be mute.

It ceased , yet still the sails made on  
A pleasant noise till noon,  
A noise like of a hidden brook  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sail'd on,  
Yet never a breeze did breathe :  
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,  
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,  
From the land of mist and snow,  
The Spirit slid : and it was he  
That made the ship to go.  
The sails at noon left off their tune,  
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,  
Had fix'd her to the ocean :  
But in a minute she 'gan stir,  
With a short uneasy motion—  
Backwards and forwards half her length  
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,  
She made a sudden bound :  
It flung the blood into my head,  
And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,  
I have not to declare ;  
But ere my living life return'd,  
I heard, and in my soul discern'd  
Two voices in the air.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "is this the man?  
By Him who died on cross,  
With his cruel bow he laid full low  
The harmless Albatross.

## THE ANCIENT MARINER

The Spirit who bideth by himself  
In the land of mist and snow,  
He loved the bird that loved the man  
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,  
As soft as honey-dew :  
Quoth he, " The man hath penance done,  
And penance more will do."

### PART VI

#### *First Voice :*

" But tell me, tell me ! speak again,  
Thy soft response renewing—  
What makes that ship drive on so fast ?  
What is the Ocean doing ? "

#### *Second Voice :*

" Still as a slave before his lord,  
The Ocean hath no blast ;  
His great bright eye most silently  
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go ;  
For she guides him smooth or grim.  
See, brother, see ! how graciously  
She looketh down on him."

#### *First Voice :*

" But why drives on that ship so fast,  
Without or wave or wind ? "

*Second Voice :*

“The air is cut away before,  
And closes from behind.  
Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high !  
Or we shall be belated :  
For slow and slow that ship will go,  
When the Mariner’s trance is abated.”

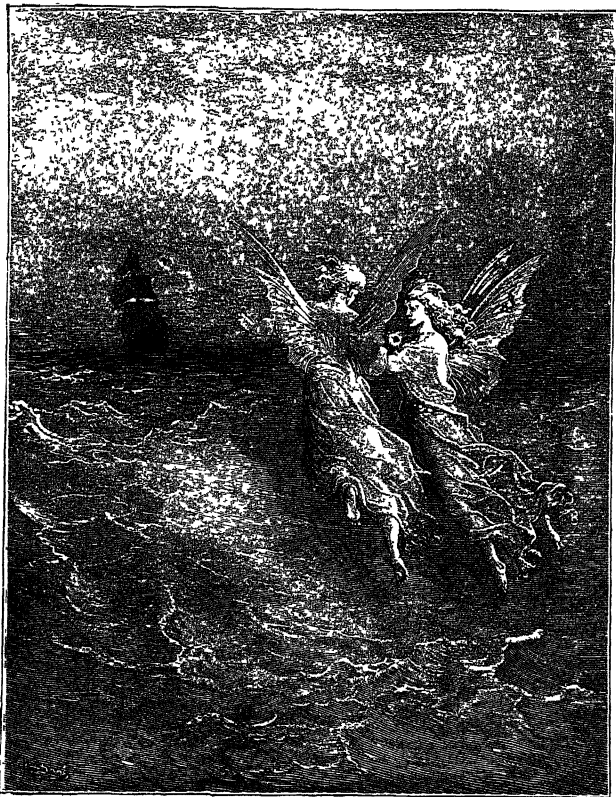
I woke, and we were sailing on  
As in a gentle weather :  
’Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high ;  
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,  
For a charnel-dungeon fitter :  
All fix’d on me their stony eyes,  
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,  
Had never pass’d away :  
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,  
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt : once more  
I viewed the ocean green,  
And look’d far forth, yet little saw  
Of what had else been seen—

Like one that on a lonesome road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And having once turn’d round, walks on,  
And turns no more his head ,  
Because he knows a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread.



*'But why drives on that ship so fast?'*

But soon there breathed a wind on me,  
Nor sound nor motion made ·  
Its path was not upon the sea,  
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fann'd my cheek  
Like a meadow-gale of spring—  
It mingled strangely with my fears,  
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,  
Yet she sail'd softly too :  
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze---  
On me alone it blew.

O dream of joy ! is this indeed  
The lighthouse top I see ?  
Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?  
Is this mine own countree ?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar.  
And I with sobs did pray—  
O let me be awake, my God !  
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,  
So smoothly it was strewn !  
And on the bay the moonlight lay,  
And the shadow of the Moon

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less  
That stand; above the rock :  
The moonlight steep'd in silentness  
The steady weathercock.

## THE ANCIENT MARINER

And the bay was white with silent light,  
Till rising from the same,  
Full many shapes, that shadows were,  
In crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow  
Those crimson shadows were :  
I turn'd my eyes upon the deck—  
O Christ ! what saw I there !

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,  
And, by the holy rood !  
A man all light, a seraph-man,  
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand :  
It was a heavenly sight !  
They stood as signals to the land,  
Each one a lovely light ;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,  
No voice did they impart—  
No voice , but O, the silence sank  
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,  
I heard the Pilot's cheer ;  
My head was turn'd perforce away,  
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,  
I heard them coming fast .  
Dear Lord in Heaven ! it was a joy  
The dead men could not blast.



I saw a third—I heard his voice :  
It is the Hermit good !  
He singeth loud his godly hymns  
That he makes in the wood.  
He'll shrive my soul, he'll wash away  
The Albatross's blood.'

## PART VII

'This Hermit good lives in that wood  
Which slopes down to the sea.  
How loudly his sweet voice he rears !  
He loves to talk with marineres  
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—  
He hath a cushion plump :  
It is the moss that wholly hides  
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat near'd : I heard them talk,  
"Why, this is strange, I trow !  
Where are those lights so many and fair,  
That signal made but now?"

"Strange, by my faith !" the Hermit said—  
"And they answer'd not our cheer !  
The planks look warp'd ! and see those sails,  
How thin they are and sere !  
I never saw aught like to them,  
Unless perchance it were  
Brown skeletons of leaves that lag  
My forest-brook along ;

When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,  
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,  
That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look"—  
(The Pilot made reply)  
"I am a-fear'd."—"Push on, push on !"  
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,  
But I nor spake nor stirr'd ;  
The boat came close beneath the ship,  
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,  
Still louder and more dread :  
It reach'd the ship, it split the bay ;  
The ship went down like lead.

Stunn'd by that loud and dreadful sound,  
Which sky and ocean smote,  
Like one that hath been seven days drown'd  
My body lay afloat ;  
But swift as dreams, myself I found  
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,  
The boat spun round and round ;  
And all was still, save that the hill  
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shriek'd  
And fell down in a fit ;

*Ivy-tod* bush of ivy.

The holy Hermit raised his eyes,  
And pray'd where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,  
Who now doth crazy go,  
Laugh'd loud and long, and all the while  
His eyes went to and fro.

"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see  
The Devil knows how to row"

And now, all in my own countree,  
I stood on the firm land!  
The Hermit stepp'd forth from the boat,  
And scarcely he could stand

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"  
The Hermit cross'd his brow,  
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—  
What manner of man art thou?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench'd  
With a woful agony,  
Which forced me to begin my tale;  
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,  
That agony returns:  
And till my ghastly tale is told,  
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;  
I have strange power of speech;  
That moment that his face I see,  
I know the man that must hear me:  
To him my tale I teach.

## THE ANCIENT MARINER

What loud uproar bursts from that door !  
The wedding-guests are there :  
But in the garden-bower the bride  
And bride-maids singing are :  
And hark, the little vesper bell,  
Which biddeth me to prayer !

O Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been  
Alone on a wide, wide sea :  
So lonely 'twas, that God Himself  
Scarce seemèd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,  
'Tis sweeter far to me,  
To walk together to the kirk  
With a goodly company !—

To walk together to the kirk,  
And all together pray,  
While each to his great Father bends,  
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,  
And youths and maidens gay !

Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell  
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest !  
He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small ;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.'

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,  
Whose beard with age is hoar,  
Is gone : and now the Wedding-Guest  
Turn'd from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunn'd,  
And is of sense forlorn :  
A sadder and a wiser man  
He rose the morrow morn.

### *THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN*<sup>1</sup>

FROM Flodden ridge  
The Scots beheld the English host  
Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,  
And heedful watch'd them as they cross'd  
The Till by Twisel Bridge.  
High sight it is, and haughty, while  
They dive into the deep defile ;  
Beneath the cavern'd cliff they fall,

<sup>1</sup> This passage is taken from Sir Walter Scott's narrative poem *Marmion*. The reader who has not read the poem must remember that Marmion was a knight of the English Court who had been sent on a royal embassy to King James IV. of Scotland, and just before the battle of Flodden had set out once more for England, having been unsuccessful in his errand. He had in his train a young lady named Clare whose love he wished to gain, but who had given her heart to another knight named De Wilton. As they were on their way southward the English general, the Earl of Surrey, came within the neighbourhood of the Till ready to meet a force which was led by no less a person than King James IV. of Scotland.

## FLODDEN

Beneath the castle's airy wall.

By rock, by oak, by hawthorn-tree,  
Troop after troop are disappearing ;  
Troop after troop their banners rearing

Upon the eastern bank you see  
Still pouring down the rocky den,

Where flows the sullen Till,  
And rising from the dim-wood glen,  
Standards on standards, men on men,

In slow succession still,  
And, sweeping o'er the Gothic arch, |  
And pressing on, in ceaseless march,  
To gain the opposing hill.

That morn, to many a trumpet clang,  
Twisel ! thy rock's deep echo rang !  
And many a chief of birth and rank,  
Saint Helen ! at thy fountain drank.  
Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see  
In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,  
Had then from many an axe its doom,  
To give the marching columns room.

And why stands Scotland idly now,  
Dark Flodden, on thy airy brow,  
Since England gains the pass the while,  
And struggles through the deep defile ?  
What checks the fiery soul of James ?  
Why sits that champion of the dames  
Inactive on his steed,  
And sees, between him and his land,  
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,  
His host Lord Surrey lead ?

What 'vails the vain knight-errant's brand?

—O, Douglas, for thy leading wand!

Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!

O for one hour of Wallace wight

Or well-skill'd Bruce, to rule the fight,

And cry—'Saint Andrew and our right!'

Another sight had seen that morn,

From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,

And Flodden had been Bannockbourne!—

The precious hour has pass'd in vain,

And England's host has gained the plain;

Wheeling their march, and circling still,

Around the base of Flodden hill.

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,

Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high,

'Hark! hark! my lord, an English drum!

And see ascending squadrons come

Between Tweed's river and the hill,

Foot, horse, and cannon:—hap what hap,

My basnet to a prentice cap,

Lord Surrey's o'er the Till!

Yet more! yet more!—how far array'd

They file from out the hawthorn shade,

And sweep so gallant by:

With all their banners bravely spread,

And all their armour flashing high,

St George might waken from the dead,

To see fair England's standards fly.'

'Stint in thy prate,' quoth Blount, 'thou 'dst best,

*Fitz-Eustace and Blount*: knights in the train of Marmion.

*Wight*: strong.

*Basnet*: helmet.

And listen to our lord's behest.'—  
With kindling brow Lord Marmion said,—  
'This instant be our band array'd ;  
The river must be quickly cross'd,  
That we may join Lord Surrey's host.  
If fight King James,—as well I trust,  
That fight he will, and fight he must,—  
The Lady Clare behind our lines  
Shall tarry, while the battle joins.'

Himself he swift on horseback threw,  
Scarce to the Abbot bade adieu ;  
Far less would listen to his prayer,  
To leave behind the helpless Clare.  
Down to the Tweed his band he drew,  
And mutter'd as the flood they view,  
'The pheasant in the falcon's claw,  
He scarce will yield to please a daw .  
Lord Angus may the Abbot awe,  
So Clare shall bide with me.'  
Then, on that dangerous ford, and deep,  
Where to the Tweed Leat's eddies creep,  
He ventured desperately :  
And not a moment will he bide,  
Till squire, or groom, before him ride ;  
Headmost of all he stems the tide ;  
And stems it gallantly.  
Eustace held Clare upon her horse,  
Old Hubert led her rein,

*The Abbot*: the head of the convent where Marmion had stayed overnight.

*Lord Angus*: the famous Scottish noble known as the 'Red' Douglas.



## SIR WALTER SCOTT

Stoutly they braved the current's course,  
And though far downward driven perforce,  
The southern bank they gain ;  
Behind them straggling, came to shore,  
As best they might, the train :  
Each o'er his head his yew-bow bore,  
A caution not in vain ;  
Deep need that day that every string,  
By wet unharm'd, should sharply ring.  
A moment then Lord Marmion staid,  
And breathed his steed, his men array'd,  
Then forward moved his band,  
Until, Lord Surrey's rear-guard won,  
He halted by a Cross of Stone,  
That, on a hillock standing lone,  
Did all the field command

Hence might they see the full array  
Of either host, for deadly fray ;  
Their marshall'd lines stretch'd east and west,  
And fronted north and south,  
And distant salutation pass'd  
From the loud cannon mouth ;  
Not in the close successive rattle,  
That breathes the voice of modern battle,  
But slow and far between.—  
The hillock gain'd, Lord Marmion staid :  
' Here, by this Cross,' he gently said,  
' You well may view the scene.  
Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare :  
O ! think of Marmion in thy prayer !—  
Thou wilt not ?—well,—no less my care



*Stoutly they braved the current's course*

Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare,—  
You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,  
    With ten pick'd archers of my train;  
With England if the day go hard,  
    To Berwick speed amain —  
But if we conquer, cruel maid,  
My spoils shall at your feet be laid,  
    When here we meet again.'  
He waited not for answer there,  
And would not mark the maid's despair,  
    Nor heed the discontented look  
From either squire; but spurr'd amain,  
And, dashing through the battle plain,  
    His way to Surrey took.

'——The good Lord Marmion, by my life!  
    Welcome to danger's hour!  
Short greeting serves in time of strife!  
    Thus have I ranged my power:—  
Myself will rule this central host,  
    Stout Stanley fronts their right,  
My sons command the vanward post,  
    With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight,  
    Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,  
    Shall be in rearward of the fight,  
And succour those that need it most.  
    Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,  
    Would gladly to the vanguard go;  
Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there,  
With thee their charge will blithely share!  
There fight thine own retainers too,  
Beneath De Burg, thy steward true.'

‘Thanks, noble Surrey!’ Marmion said,  
Nor farther greeting there he paid;  
But, parting like a thunderbolt,  
First in the vanguard made a halt,  
Where such a shout there rose  
Of ‘Marmion! Marmion!’ that the cry  
Up Flodden mountain shrilling high,  
Startled the Scottish foes.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still  
With Lady Clare upon the hill!  
On which (for far the day was spent)  
The western sunbeams now were bent.  
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,  
Could plain their distant comrades view;  
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,  
‘Unworthy office here to stay!’  
No hope of gilded spurs to-day —  
But see! look up—on Flodden bent  
The Scottish foe has fired his tent.’

And sudden, as he spoke,  
From the sharp ridges of the hill,  
All downward to the banks of Till,  
Was wreathed in sable smoke.  
Volumed and fast, and rolling far,  
The cloud enveloped Scotland’s war,  
As down the hill they broke;  
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,  
Announced their march; their tread alone,  
At times one warning trumpet blown,  
At times a stifled hum,  
Told England, from his mountain-throne  
King James did rushing come.—

Scarce could they hear or see their foes,  
Until at weapon-point they close —  
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,  
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust ;  
    And such a yell was there,  
Of sudden and portentous birth,  
As if men fought upon the earth,  
    And fiends in upper air ;  
O life and death were in the shout,  
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,  
    And triumph and despair  
Long look'd the anxious squires ; their eye  
Could in the darkness nought descry.

At length the freshening western blast  
Aside the shroud of battle cast ;  
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears  
Above the brightening cloud appears ;  
And in the smoke the pennons flew,  
As in the storm the white sea-mew. |  
Then mark'd they, dashing broad and far,  
The broken billows of the war,  
And plumèd crests of chieftains brave,  
Floating like foam upon the wave ;  
    But nought distinct they see :  
Wide raged the battle on the plain ;  
Spears shook, and falchions flash'd amain ;  
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain ;  
Crests rose, and stoop'd, and rose again,  
    Wild and disorderly.  
Amid the scene of tumult, high  
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly ;

And stainless Tunstall's banner white,  
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,  
Still bear them bravely in the fight,  
    Although against them come,  
Of gallant Gordons many a one,  
And many a stubborn Highlandman,  
And many a rugged Border clan,  
    With Huntly, and with Home.

Far on the left, unseen the while,  
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;  
Though there the western mountaineer  
Rush'd with bare bosom on the spear,  
And flung the feeble targe aside,  
And with both hands the broadsword plied.  
'Twas vain :—But Fortune, on the right,  
With fickle smile, cheer'd Scotland's fight.  
Then fell that spotless banner white,  
    The Howard's lion fell;  
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew  
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew  
    Around the battle-yell.  
The Border slogan rent the sky ! }  
A Home ! a Gordon ! was the cry .  
    Loud were the clanging blows ;  
Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,  
    The pennon sunk and rose ;  
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,  
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,  
    It waver'd 'mid the foes.  
No longer Blount the view could bear ;  
'By heaven, and all its saints ! I swear

I will not see it lost !  
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare  
May bid your beads, and patter prayer,—  
I gallop to the host'  
And to the fray he rode amain,  
Follow'd by all the archer train.  
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,  
Made, for a space, an opening large—  
The rescued banner rose—  
But darkly closed the war around,  
Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,  
It sunk among the foes.  
Then Eustace mounted too :—yet staid  
As loath to leave the helpless maid,  
When, fast as shaft can fly,  
Bloodshot his eyes, his nostrils spread,  
The loose rein dangling from his head,  
Housing and saddle bloody red,  
Lord Marmion's steed rush'd by ;  
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,  
A look and sign to Clara cast  
To mark he would return in haste,  
Then plunged into the fight.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,  
Left in that dreadful hour alone :  
Perchance her reason stoops, or reels ;  
Perchance a courage, not her own,  
Braces her mind to desperate tone —  
The scatter'd van of England wheels —

*Bid your beads :* tell or count the rosary beads, uttering a prayer or invocation for each.

She only said, as loud in air  
 The tumult roar'd, 'Is Wilton there?'—  
 They fly, or, maddened by despair,  
 Fight but to die,—'Is Wilton there?'  
 'With that, straight up the hill there rode  
 Two horsemen drench'd with gore,  
 And in their arms, a helpless load,  
 A wounded knight they bore.  
 His hand still strain'd the broken brand ;  
 His arms were smear'd with blood and sand.  
 Dragg'd from among the horses' feet,  
 With dinted shield, and helmet beat, '   
 The falcon-crest and plumage gone,  
 Can that be haughty Marmion ! . . .  
 Young Blount his armour did unlace,  
 And, gazing on his ghastly face,  
 Said—'By Saint George, he's gone !  
 That spear-wound has our master sped,  
 And see the deep cut on his head !  
 Good-night to Marmion.'—  
 'Unnurtured Blount ! thy brawling cease :  
 He opes his eyes,' said Eustace ; 'peace !'

When, doff'd his casque, he felt free air,  
 Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare :—  
 'Where's Harry Blount ? Fitz-Eustace where ?  
 Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare !  
 Redeem my pennon,—charge again !  
 Cry—"Marmion to the rescue !" —Vain !  
 Last of my race, on battle plain  
 That shout shall ne'er be heard again !  
 Yet my last thought is England's—fly,



To Dacre bear my signet-ring :  
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.—  
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie ;  
Tunstall lies dead upon the field,  
His life-blood stains the spotless shield.  
Edmund is down —my life is left ;  
The Admiral alone is left  
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—  
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,  
Full upon Scotland's central host,  
Or victory and England's lost.—  
Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets ! fly !  
Leave Marmion here alone—to die.'  
They parted, and alone he lay ,  
Clare drew her from the sight away,  
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,  
And half he murmur'd,—' Is there none,  
Of all my halls have nurst,  
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring  
Of blessed water from the spring,  
To slake my dying thirst !'

O Woman ! in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light quivering aspen made ;  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou !—  
Scarce were the pitying accents said,  
When, with the Baron's casque, the maid  
To the nigh streamlet ran .  
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears ;



*With the Baron's casque, the maid  
To the nigh streamlet ran.*

The plaintive voice alone she hears,  
 Sees but the dying man.  
 She stoop'd her by the runnel's side,  
 But in abhorrence backward drew ;  
 For, oozing from the mountain's side,  
 Where raged the war, a dark-red tide  
 Was curdling in the streamlet blue.  
 Where shall she turn?—behold her mark  
 A little fountain cell,  
 Where water, clear as diamond-spark,  
 In a stone basin fell.  
 Above, some half-worn letters say,  
 Drink . weary . pilgrim . drink . and . pray .  
 For . the . kind . soul . of . Sybil . Grey .  
 Who . built . this . cross . and . well .  
 She fill'd the helm, and back she hied,  
 And with surprise and joy espied  
 A Monk supporting Marmion's head :  
 A pious man, whom duty brought  
 To dubious verge of battle fought,  
 To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,  
 And, as she stoop'd his brow to lave—  
 'Is it the hand of Clare,' he said,  
 'Or injured Constance,<sup>1</sup> bathes my head ?'  
 Then, as remembrance rose,—  
 'Speak not to me of shrift or prayer !  
 I must redress her woes.  
 Short space, few words, are mine to spare ;  
 Forgive and listen, gentle Clare !'  
 'Alas !' she said, 'the while,—

<sup>1</sup> Whom Marmion had once loved and then forsaken.

O, think of your immortal weal !  
 In vain for Constance is your zeal ;  
 She——died at Holy Isle.’—  
 Lord Marmion started from the ground,  
 As light as if he felt no wound .  
 Though in the action burst the tide,  
 In torrents from his wounded side.  
 ‘Then it was truth,’—he said—‘I knew  
 That the dark presage must be true.—  
 I would the Fiend, to whom belongs  
 The vengeance due to all her wrongs,  
     Would spare me but a day !  
 For wasting fire, and dying groan,  
 And priests slain on the altar-stone,  
     Might bribe him for delay.  
 It may not be !—this dizzy trance—  
 Curse on yon base marauder’s lance,  
 And doubly cursed my failing brand !  
 A sinful heart makes feeble hand.’  
 Then, fainting down on earth he sunk,  
 Supported by the trembling Monk.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound,  
 And strove to stanch the gushing wound ;  
 The Monk, with unavailing cares,  
 Exhausted all the Church’s prayers.  
 Ever, he said, that, close and near,  
 A lady’s voice was in his ear,  
 And that the priest he could not hear,  
     For that she ever sung,  
 ‘*In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,  
 Where mingles war’s rattle with groans of the dying  
     So the notes rung :—*

'Avoid thee, Fiend !—with cruel hand,  
Shake not the dying sinner's sand !—  
O, look, my son, upon yon sign  
Of the Redeemer's grace divine ;  
O, think on faith and bliss !—  
By many a death-bed I have been,  
And many a sinner's parting seen,  
But never aught like this.' •  
The war, that for a space did fail,  
Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale,  
And—STANLEY ! was the cry ;  
A light on Marmion's visage spread,  
And fired his glazing eye ;  
With dying hand, above his head,  
He shook the fragment of his blade,  
And shouted ' Victory !—  
Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley, on !'  
Were the last words of Marmion.

By this, though deep the evening fell,  
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,  
For still the Scots, around their King,  
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.  
Where's now their victor vaward wing,  
Where Huntly, and where Home ?—  
O for a blast of that dread horn,  
On Fontarabian echoes borne,  
That to King Charles did come,  
When Rowland brave, and Olivier,

*King Charles*, or Charlemagne, whose two brave paladins, Roland and Oliver, fought the Saracens at Roncesvalles, in Spain. When hard pressed Roland blew a blast on his famous horn, which was heard by King Charles thirty miles away.

And every paladin and peer,  
On Roncesvalles died !  
Such blast might warn them, not in vain,  
To quit the plunder of the slain,  
And turn the doubtful day again,  
While yet on Flodden side,  
Afar, the Royal Standard flies,  
And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies,  
Our Caledonian pride !  
In vain the wish—for far away,  
While spoil and havoc mark their way,  
Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray —  
'O Lady,' cried the Monk, 'away !'

And placed her on her steed,  
And led her to the chapel fair,  
Of Tillmouth upon Tweed.  
There all the night they spent in prayer,  
And at the dawn of morning, there  
She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

But as they left the dark'ning heath,  
More desperate grew the strife of death.  
The English shafts in volleys hail'd,  
In headlong charge their horse assail'd ;  
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep  
To break the Scottish circle deep,  
That fought around their King.  
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,  
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,  
Though billmen ply the ghastly blow,  
Unbroken was the ring ;  
The stubborn spearmen still made good  
Their dark impenetrable wood,

Each stepping where his comrade stood,  
The instant that he fell.  
No thought was there of dastard flight ;  
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,  
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,  
As fearlessly and well ;  
Till utter darkness closed her wing  
O'er their thin host and wounded King.  
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands  
Led back from strife his shatter'd bands ;  
And from the charge they drew,  
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,  
Sweep back to ocean blue.  
Then did their loss his foemen know ;  
Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low,  
They melted from the field as snow,  
When streams are swoln and south winds blow  
Dissolves in silent dew.  
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,  
While many a broken band,  
Disorder'd, through her currents dash,  
To gain the Scottish land ;  
To town and tower, to down and dale,  
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,  
And raise the universal wail.  
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,  
Shall many an age that wail prolong :  
Still from the sire the son shall hear  
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,  
Of Flodden's fatal field,  
Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear  
And broken was her shield !

*THE ROMAUNT OF THE PAGE*

A KNIGHT of gallant deeds,  
And a young page at his side,  
From the holy war in Palestine,  
Did slow and thoughtful ride,—  
As each were a palmer, and told for beads,  
The dews of the eventide.

‘O young page,’ said the knight,  
‘A noble page art thou !  
Thou fearest not to steep in blood  
The curls upon thy brow ;  
And once in the tent, and twice in the fight,  
Didst ward me a mortal blow.’

‘O brave knight,’ said the page,  
‘Or ere we hither came,  
We talked in tent, we talked in field,  
Of the bloody battle-game :  
But here, below this greenwood bough,  
I cannot speak the same.

‘Our troop is far behind,  
The woodland calm is new ;  
Our steeds, with slow grass-muffled hoofs,  
Tread deep the shadows through :  
And in my mind, some blessing kind  
Is dropping with the dew.

*Told* counted



'The woodland calm is pure—  
I cannot choose but have  
A thought, from these, o' the beechen-trees  
Which, in our England, wave ;  
And of the little finches fine,  
Which sang there, while in Palestine  
The warrior-hilt we drave

'Methinks a moment gone,  
I heard my mother pray'  
I heard, Sir Knight, the prayer for *me*  
Wherein she passed away ;  
And I know the Heavens are leaning down  
To hear what I shall say.'

The page spake calm and high,  
As of no mean degree ;  
Perhaps he felt in nature's broad  
Full heart, his own was free :  
And the knight looked up to his lifted eye,  
Then answered smilingly :—

'Sir Page, I pray your grace !  
Certes, I meant not so  
To cross your pastoral mood, Sir Page,  
With the crook of the battle-bow ;  
But a knight may speak of a lady's face,  
I trow, in any mood or place,  
If the grasses die or grow.

'And this, I meant to say,—  
My lady's face shall shine

As ladies' faces use, to greet  
My page from Palestine :  
Or, speak she fair, or prank she gay,  
She is no lady of mine.

'And this, I meant to fear,—  
Her bower may suit thee ill !  
For, sooth, in that same field and tent,  
Thy *talk* was somewhat still ;  
And fitter thy hand for my knightly spear,  
Than thy tongue for my lady's will '

Slowly and thankfully  
The young page bowed his head :  
His large eyes seemed to muse a smile,  
Until he blushed instead ,  
And no lady in her bower, pardie,  
Could blush more sudden red—  
'Sir Knight,—thy lady's bower to me  
Is suited well,' he said.

*Beati, beati, mortui !*

From the convent on the sea,—  
One mile off, or scarce as nigh,  
Swells the dirge as clear and high  
As if that, over brake and lea,  
Bodily the wind did carry  
The great altar of St. Mary ;  
And the fifty tapers burning o'er it,  
And the Lady Abbess dead before it,  
And the chanting nuns whom yesterweek

etc. : Latin for 'Blessed, blessed (are the) dead (who Lord) '

Her voice did charge and bless—  
Chanting steady, chanting meek,  
Chanting with a solemn breath,  
Because that they are thinking less  
Upon the dead than upon death !

*Beati, beati, mortui !*

Now the vision in the sound  
Wheelet on the wind around—  
Now it sweeps aback, away—  
The uplands will not let it stay  
To dark the western sun.

*Mortui !*—away at last,—

Or ere the page's blush is past !  
And the knight heard all, and the page heard none.

‘A boon, thou noble knight,  
If ever I served thee !  
Though thou art a knight, and I am a page,  
Now grant a boon to me—  
And tell me sooth, if dark or bright,  
If little loved, or loved aright,  
Be the face of thy ladye.’

Gloomily looked the knight :—

‘As a son thou hast served me :  
And would to none I had granted boon,  
Except to only thee !  
For haply then I should love aright,—  
For then I should know if dark or bright  
Were the face of my ladye.

‘Yet ill it suits my knightly tongue,  
To grudge that granted boon !



*The nuns whom yesterweek  
Her voice did charge and bless.*

That heavy price, from heart and life,  
I paid in silence down :  
The hand that claimed it, cleared in fine  
My father's fame ! I swear by mine,  
That price was nobly won.

‘ Earl Walter was a brave old Earl,—  
He was my father's friend ;  
And while I rode the lists at court,  
And little guessed the end,—  
My noble father in his shroud,  
Against a slanderer lying loud,  
He rose up to defend.

‘ Oh, calm below the marble grey  
My father's dust was strown !  
Oh, meek above the marble grey,  
His image prayed alone !  
The slanderer lied—the wretch was brave,—  
For, looking up the minster-nave,  
He saw my father's knightly glaive  
Was changed from steel to stone.

‘ Earl Walter's glaive was steel,  
With a brave old hand to wear it !  
And dashed the lie back in the mouth  
Which lied against a godly truth  
And against the knightly merit !  
The slanderer, 'neath the avenger's heel,  
Struck up the dagger in appeal  
From stealthy lie to brutal force—  
And out upon that traitor's corse,  
Was yielded the true spirit !

‘I would mine hand had fought that fight,  
And justified my father !  
I would mine heart had caught that wound,  
And slept beside him rather !  
I think it were a better thing  
Than murdered friend, and marriage-ring,  
Forced on my life together.

‘Wail shook Earl Walter’s house—  
His true wife shed no tear—  
She lay upon her bed as mute  
As the Earl did on his bier :  
Till—“ Ride, ride fast,” she said at last,  
“ And bring the avenged’s son anear !  
Ride fast—ride free, as a dart can flee ;  
For white of blee, with waiting for me,  
Is the corse in the next chambère ”

‘I came—I knelt beside her bed—  
Her calm was worse than strife—  
“ My husband, for thy father dear,  
Gave freely, when thou wert not here,  
His own and eke my life.  
A boon ! Of that sweet child we make  
An orphan for thy father’s sake,  
Make thou, for ours, a wife.”

‘I said, “ My steed neighs in the court ;  
My bark rocks on the brine ,  
And the warrior’s vow I am under now,  
To free the pilgrim’s shrine :

*White of blee* · white in colour or appearance.

But fetch the ring, and fetch the priest,  
 And call that daughter of thine ;  
 And rule she wide from my castle on Nyde,  
 While I am in Palestine ”

‘ In the dark chambère, if the bride was fair,  
 Ye wis, I could not see ,  
 But the steed thrice neighed, and the priest  
 fast prayed,  
 And wedded fast were we.  
 Her mother smiled upon her bed,  
 As at its side we knelt to wed ,  
 And the bride rose from her knee,—  
 And kissed the smile of her mother dead,  
 Or ever she kissed me

‘ My page, my page, what grieves thee so,  
 That the tears run down thy face ? ’—

‘ Alas, alas ! mine own sistèr  
 Was in thy lady’s case !  
 But *she* laid down the silks she wore  
 And followed him she wed before,  
 Disguised as his true servitor,  
 To the very battle-place ’

And wept the page, but laughed the knight,—  
 A careless laugh laughed he :

‘ Well done it were for thy sistèr,  
 But not for my ladyè !  
 My love, so please you, shall requite  
 No woman, whether dark or bright,  
 Unwomaned if she be.’

*Ye wis* the two words together mean ‘ of a truth,’ or  
 ‘ certainly.’

The page stopped weeping, and smiled cold—

‘Your wisdom may declare  
That womanhood is proved the best  
By golden brooch and glossy vest  
The mincing ladies wear :

Yet is it proved, and was of old,  
Anear as well—I dare to hold—  
By truth, or by despair.’

He smiled no more—he wept no more,—

But passionate he spake,—  
‘Oh, womanly she prayed in tent,  
When none beside did wake !  
Oh, womanly she paled in fright,  
For one beloved’s sake !—  
And her little hand defiled with blood,  
Her tender tears of womanhood,  
Most woman-pure, did make !’

‘Well done it were for thy sister—  
Thou tellest well her tale !

But for my lady, she shall pray  
I’ the kirk of Nydesdale—  
Not dread for me, but love for me  
Shall make my lady pale !  
No casque shall hide her woman’s tear—  
It shall have room to trickle clear  
Behind her woman’s veil.’

‘But what if she mistook thy mind,  
And followed thee to strife ;  
Then kneeling, did entreat thy love,  
As Paynims ask for life ?’



'I would forgive, and evermore  
Would love her as my servitor,  
But little as my wife

'Look up—there is a small bright cloud  
Alone amid the skies !  
So high, so pure, and so apart,  
A woman's honour lies.'  
The page looked up—the cloud was  
sheen—  
A sadder cloud did rush, I ween,  
Betwixt it and his eyes .

Then dimly dropped his eyes away  
From welkin unto hill—  
Ha ! who rides there ?—the page is 'ware,  
Though the cry at his heart is still !  
And the page seeth all, and the knight seeth  
none,  
Though banner and spear do fleck the sun,  
And the Saracens ride at will.

He speaketh calm, he speaketh low, —  
'Ride fast, my master, ride,  
Or ere within the broadening dark  
The narrow shadows hide !'  
'Yea, fast, my page ; I will do so ;  
And keep thou at my side.'

'Now nay, now nay, ride on thy way,  
Thy faithful page precede !

For I must loose on saddle-bow  
My battle-casque, that galls, I trow,  
The shoulder of my steed ;  
And I must pray, as I did vow,  
For one in bitter need.

‘ Ere night I shall be near to thee,—  
Now ride, my master, ride !  
Ere night as parted spirits cleave  
To mortals too beloved to leave,  
I shall be at thy side.’  
The knight smiled free at the fantasy,  
And down the dell did ride.

Had the knight looked up to the page’s face,  
No smile the word had won !  
Had the knight looked up to the page’s face,  
I ween he had never gone !  
Had the knight looked back to the page’s geste,  
I ween he had turned anon !  
For dread was the woe in the face so young ;  
And wild was the silent geste that flung  
Casque, sword to earth—as the boy down-  
sprung,  
And stood—alone, alone.

He clenched his hands, as if to hold  
His soul’s great agony—  
‘ Have I renounced my womanhood,  
For wifehood unto *thee* ?  
And is this the last, last look of thine,  
That ever I shall see ?

*Geste* • gesture or movement.

‘Yet God thee save, and may’st thou have  
 A lady to thy mind;  
 More woman-proud, and half as true  
 As one thou leav’st behind!  
 And God me take with Him to dwell—  
 For Him I cannot love too well,  
 As I have loved my kind.’

She looketh up, in earth’s despair,  
 The hopeful Heavens to seek!  
 That little cloud still floateth there,  
 Whereof her Loved did speak.  
 How bright the little cloud appears!  
 Her eyelids fall upon the tears,—  
 And the tears down either cheek.

. . . . .

The tramp of hoof, the flash of steel—  
 The Paynims round her coming!  
 The sound and sight have made her calm,—  
 False page, but truthful woman!  
 She stands amid them all unmoved:  
 The heart, once broken by the loved,  
 Is strong to meet the foeman.

‘Ho, Christian page! art keeping sheep,  
 From pouring wine-cups resting?’—  
 ‘I keep my master’s noble name,  
 For warring, not for feasting:  
 And if that here Sir Hubert were,  
 My master brave, my master dear,  
 Ye would not stay the questing.’

*Stay the questing*: stay to ask the question.



*She stands amid them all unmoved.*

‘Where is thy master, scornful page,  
 That we may slay or bind him?’—  
 ‘Now search the lea, and search the wood,  
 And see if ye can find him!  
 Nathless, as hath been often tried,  
 Your Paynim heroes faster ride  
 Before him than behind him.’

‘Give smoother answers, lying page,  
 Or perish in the lying.’—  
 ‘I trow that if the warrior brand  
 Beside my foot, were in my hand,  
 ’Twere better at replying.’  
 They cursed her deep, they smote her low,  
 They cleft her golden ringlets through:  
 The Loving is the Dying

She felt the scimitar gleam down,  
 And met it from beneath,  
 With smile more bright in victory  
 Than any sword from sheath,—  
 Which flashed across her lip serene,  
 Most like the spirit-light between  
 The darks of life and death.

*Ingemisco, ingemisco!*  
 From the convent on the sea,  
 Now it sweepeth solemnly,  
 As over wood and over lea,  
 Bodily the wind did carry  
 The great altar of St. Mary,

*Ingemisco*, etc. : Latin for ‘I lament, I lament.’

## OSSEO AND OWEENEE

And the fifty tapers paling o'er it,  
And the lady Abbess stark before it,  
And the weary nuns, with hearts that  
Beat along their voices saintly—

*Ingemisco, ingemisco !*

Dirge for abbess laid in shroud,  
Sweepeth o'er the shroudless dead,  
Page or lady, as we said,  
With the dews upon her head,  
All as sad if not as loud !

*Ingemisco, ingemisco !*

Is ever a lament begun  
By any mourner under sun,  
Which, ere it endeth, suits but *one* ?

## OSSEO AND OWEENEE

### AN INDIAN LEGEND

ONCE, in days no more remembered,  
Ages nearer the beginning,  
When the heavens were closer to us,  
And the gods were more familiar,  
In the North-land lived a hunter,  
With ten young and comely daughters,  
Tall and lithe as wands of willow ;  
Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
She the wilful and the wayward,  
She the silent, dreamy maiden,  
Was the fairest of the sisters.

All these women married warriors,  
Married brave and haughty husbands ;

Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
Laughed and flouted all her lovers,  
All her young and handsome suitors,  
And then married old Osseo,  
Old Osseo, poor and ugly,  
Broken with age and weak with coughing,  
Always coughing like a squirrel.

Ah, but beautiful within him,  
Was the spirit of Osseo,  
From the Evening Star descended,  
Star of Evening, Star of Woman,  
Star of tenderness and passion,  
All its fire was in his bosom,  
All its beauty in his spirit,  
All its mystery in his being,  
All its splendour in his language !

And her lovers, the rejected,  
Handsome men with belts of wampum,  
Handsome men with paint and feathers,  
Pointed at her in derision,  
Followed her with jest and laughter.  
But she said : ' I care not for you,  
Care not for your belts of wampum,  
Care not for your paint and feathers,  
Care not for your jests and laughter !  
I am happy with Osseo ! '

Once to some great feast invited,  
Through the damp and dusk of evening,  
Walked together the ten sisters,  
Walked together with their husbands ;  
Slowly followed old Osseo,

*Wampum* : bead work.



*'I am happy with Osseo.'*



With fair Oweenee beside him ;  
All the others chatted gaily,  
These two only walked in silence.

At the Western sky Osseo  
Gazed intent, as if imploring,  
Often stopped and gazed imploring  
At the trembling Star of Evening,  
At the tender Star of Woman ;  
And they heard him murmur softly,  
' *Ah, showain nemeshin, Nosa !*  
Pity, pity me, my father !'

' Listen !' said the eldest sister,  
' He is praying to his father !'  
What a pity that the old man  
Does not stumble in the pathway,  
Does not break his neck by falling !'  
And they laughed till all the forest  
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

On their pathway through the woodlands  
Lay an oak, by storms uprooted,  
Lay the great trunk of an oak-tree,  
Buried half in leaves and mosses.  
Mouldering, crumbling, huge and hollow.  
And Osseo, when he saw it,  
Gave a shout, a cry of anguish,  
Leaped into its yawning cavern ;  
At one end went in an old man,  
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly ;  
From the other came a young man,  
Tall and straight, and strong and handsome.

Thus Osseo was transfigured,  
Thus restored to youth and beauty ;

## OSSEO AND OWEENEE

But, alas ! for good Osseo,  
And for Oweenee, the faithful !  
Strangely, too, was she transfigured,  
Changed into a weak old woman.  
With a staff she tottered onward,  
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly !  
And the sisters and their husbands  
Laughed until the echoing forest  
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

But Osseo turned not from her,  
Walked with slower step beside her,  
Took her hand, as brown and withered  
As an oak-leaf is in Winter,  
Called her sweetheart, Nenemoosha,  
Soothed her with soft words of kindness,  
Till they reached the lodge of feasting,  
Till they sat down in the wigwam,  
Sacred to the Star of Evening,  
To the tender Star of Woman.

Wrapt in visions, lost in dreaming,  
At the banquet sat Osseo ,  
All were merry, all were happy,  
All were joyous but Osseo.  
Neither food nor drink he tasted,  
Neither did he speak nor listen,  
But as one bewildered sat he,  
Looking dreamily and sadly,  
First at Oweenee, then upward  
At the gleaming sky above them.

Then a voice was heard, a whisper,  
Coming from the starry distance,  
Coming from the empty vastness,

Low, and musical, and tender ;  
And the voice said : ' O Osseo !  
O my son, my best beloved !  
Broken are the spells that bound you,  
All the charms of the magicians,  
All the magic powers of evil ;  
Come to me ; ascend, Osseo !  
' Taste the food that stands before you :  
It is blessed and enchanted,  
It has magic virtues in it,  
It will change you to a spirit.  
All your bowls and all your kettles  
Shall be wood and clay no longer ;  
But the bowls be changed to wampum,  
And the kettles shall be silver ;  
They shall shine like shells of scarlet,  
Like the fire shall gleam and glimmer.

' And the women shall no longer  
Bear the dreary doom of labour,  
But be changed to birds, and glisten  
With the beauty of the starlight,  
Painted with the dusky splendours  
Of the skies and clouds of evening ! '

What Osseo heard as whispers,  
What as words he comprehended,  
Was but music to the others,  
Music as of birds afar off,  
Of the whippoorwill afar off,  
Of the lonely Wawonaissa  
Singing in the darksome forest.

Then the lodge began to tremble,  
Straight began to shake and tremble,

## OSSEO AND OWEENEE

And they felt it rising, rising,  
Slowly through the air ascending,  
From the darkness of the tree-tops  
Forth into the dewy starlight,  
Till it passed the topmost branches ;  
And behold ! the wooden dishes  
All were changed to shells of scarlet !  
And behold ! the earthen kettles  
All were changed to bowls of silver !  
And the roof-poles of the wigwam  
Were as glittering rods of silver,  
And the roof of bark upon them  
As the shining shards of beetles.

Then Osseo gazed around him,  
And he saw the nine fair sisters,  
All the sisters and their husbands,  
Changed to birds of various plumage ;  
Some were jays and some were magpies,  
Others thrushes, others blackbirds ;  
And they hopped, and sang, and twittered,  
Perked and fluttered all their feathers,  
Strutted in their shining plumage,  
And their tails like fans unfolded.

Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
Was not changed, but sat in silence,  
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly,  
Looking sadly at the others ;  
Till Osseo, gazing upward,  
Gave another cry of anguish,  
Such a cry as he had uttered  
By the oak-tree in the forest.

Then returned her youth and beauty,

And her soiled and tattered garments  
Were transformed to robes of ermine,  
And her staff became a feather,  
Yes, a shining silver feather !

And again the wigwam trembled,  
Swayed and rushed through airy currents,  
Through transparent cloud and vapour,  
And amid celestial splendours  
On the Evening Star alighted,  
As a snowflake falls on snowflake,  
As a leaf drops on a river,  
As a thistle-down on water.

Forth with cheerful words of welcome  
Came the father of Osseo,  
He with radiant locks of silver,  
He with eyes serene and tender.  
And he said : ' My son Osseo,  
Hang the cage of birds you bring there,  
Hang the cage with rods of silver,  
And the birds with glistening feathers,  
At the doorway of my wigwam.'

At the door he hung the bird-cage,  
And they entered in and gladly  
Listened to Osseo's father,  
Ruler of the Star of Evening,  
As he said : ' O my Osseo !  
I have had compassion on you,  
Given you back your youth and beauty,  
Into birds of various plumage \*  
Changed your sisters and their husbands ;  
Changed them thus because they mocked you  
In the figure of the old man

## OSSEO AND OWEENEE

In that aspect sad and wrinkled,  
Could not see your heart of passion,  
Could not see your youth immortal,  
Only Oweenee, the faithful,  
Saw your naked heart and loved you.

‘In the lodge that glimmers yonder  
In the little star that twinkles  
Through the vapours, on the left hand,  
Lives the envious Evil Spirit,  
The Wabeno, the magician,  
Who transformed you to an old man.  
Take heed lest his beams fall on you,  
For the rays he darts around him  
Are the power of his enchantment,  
Are the arrows that he uses’

Many years, in peace and quiet,  
On the peaceful Star of Evening  
Dwelt Osseo with his father;  
Many years, in song and flutter,  
At the doorway of the wigwam,  
Hung the cage with rods of silver.  
And fair Oweenee, the faithful,  
Bore a son unto Osseo,  
With the beauty of his mother,  
With the courage of his father.

And the boy grew up and prospered,  
And Osseo, to delight him,  
Made him little bows and arrows,  
Opened the great cage of silver,  
And let loose his aunts and uncles,  
All those birds with glossy feathers,  
For his little son to shoot at.

Round and round they wheeled and darted,  
Filled the Evening Star with music,  
With their songs of joy and freedom ;  
Filled the Evening Star with splendour,  
With the fluttering of their plumage ;  
Till the boy, the little hunter,  
Bent his bow and shot an arrow,  
Shot a swift and fatal arrow,  
And a bird, with shining feathers,  
At his feet fell wounded sorely.

But, O wondrous transformation !  
'Twas no bird he saw before him,  
'Twas a beautiful young woman,  
With the arrow in her bosom !

When her blood fell on the planet,  
On the Sacred Star of Evening,  
Broken was the spell of magic,  
Powerless was the strange enchantment,  
And the youth, the fearless bowman,  
Suddenly felt himself descending,  
Held by unseen hands, but sinking  
Downward through the empty spaces,  
Downward through the clouds and vapours,  
Till he rested on an island,  
On an island green and grassy,  
Yonder in the Big-Sea-Water.

After him he saw descending  
All the birds with shining feathers,  
Fluttering, falling, wafted downward,  
Like the painted leaves of Autumn ;  
And the lodge with poles of silver,  
With its roof like wings of beetles,

## BUILDING OF THE SHIP

Like the shining shards of beetles,  
By the winds of heaven uplifted,  
Slowly sank upon the island,  
Bringing back the good Osseo,  
Bringing Oweenee, the faithful.

Then the birds, again transfigured,  
Reassumed the shape of mortals,  
Took their shape, but not their stature ;  
They remained as Little People,  
Like the pigmies, the Puk-Wudjies,  
And on pleasant nights of Summer,  
When the Evening Star was shining,  
Hand in hand they danced together  
On the island's craggy headlands,  
On the sand-beach low and level.

Still their glittering lodge is seen there,  
On the tranquil Summer evenings,  
And upon the shore the fisher  
Sometimes hears their happy voices,  
Sees them dancing in the starlight !

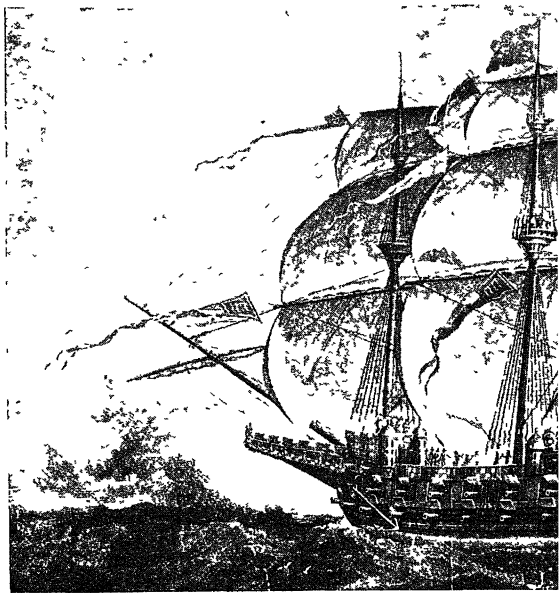
## *THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP*

‘BUILD me straight, O worthy Master !  
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,  
That shall laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle !’

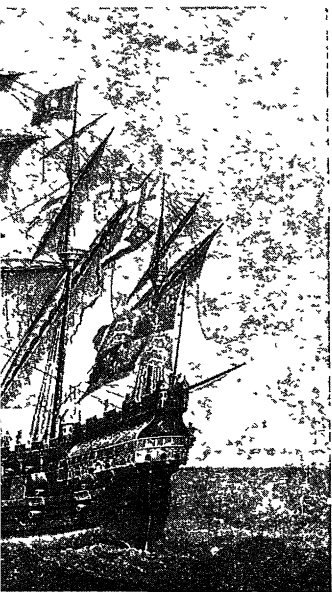
The merchant's word  
Delighted the Master heard ;



For his heart was in his work, and the heart  
Giveth grace unto every Art.  
A quiet smile played round his lips,  
As the eddies and dimples of the tide  
Play round the bows of ships,  
That steadily at anchor ride  
And with a voice that was full of glee,  
He answered, ' Ere long we will launch  
A vessel as goodly, and strong, and staunch,  
As ever weathered a wintry sea !'  
And first with nicest skill and art,  
Perfect and finished in every part,  
A little model the Master wrought,  
Which should be to the larger plan  
What the child is to the man,  
Its counterpart in miniature ;  
That with a hand more swift and sure  
The greater labour might be brought  
To answer to his inward thought  
And as he laboured, his mind ran o'er  
The various ships that were built of yore,  
And above them all, and strangest of all  
Towered the Great Harry, crank and tall,  
Whose picture was hanging on the wall,  
With bows and stern raised high in air,  
And balconies hanging here and there,  
And signal lanterns and flags afloat,  
And eight round towers, like those that frown  
From some old castle, looking down  
Upon the drawbridge and the moat.  
And he said with a smile, ' Our ship, I wis,  
Shall be of another form than th's !'



*The Great Harry.*



## H. W. LONGFELLOW

It was of another form, indeed ;  
Built for freight, and yet for speed ;  
A beautiful and gallant craft ,  
Broad in the beam, that the stress of the blast,  
Pressing down upon sail and mast,  
Might not the sharp bows overwhelm ;  
Broad in the beam, but sloping aft  
With graceful curve and slow degrees,  
That she might be docile to the helm,  
And that the currents of parted seas,  
Closing behind, with mighty force,  
Might aid and not impede her course.

In the shipyard stood the Master,  
With the model of the vessel,  
That should laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle !

Covering many a rood of ground,  
Lay the timber piled around ;  
Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,  
And scattered here and there, with these,  
The knarred and crooked cedar knees ;  
Brought from regions far away,  
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,  
And the banks of the roaring Roanoke !  
Ah ! what a wondrous thing it is  
To note how many wheels of toil  
One thought, one word, can set in motion !  
There's not a ship that sails the ocean,  
But every climate, every soil,  
Must bring its tribute, great or small,  
And help to build the wooden wall !

## BUILDING OF THE SHIP

The sun was rising o'er the sea,  
And long the level shadows lay,  
As if they, too, the beams would be  
Of some great, airy argosy,  
Framed and launched in a single day.  
That silent architect, the sun,  
Had hewn and laid them every one,  
Ere the work of man was yet begun.  
Beside the Master, when he spoke,  
A youth, against an anchor leaning,  
Listened, to catch his slightest meaning.  
Only the long waves, as they broke  
In ripples on the pebbly beach,  
Interrupted the old man's speech.

Beautiful they were, in sooth,  
The old man and the fiery youth!  
The old man, in whose busy brain  
Many a ship that sailed the main  
Was modelled o'er and o'er again;—  
The fiery youth, who was to be  
The heir of his dexterity,  
The heir of his house, and his daughter's hand.  
When he had built and launched from land  
What the elder head had planned.

'Thus,' said he, 'will we build this ship!  
Lay square the blocks upon the slip,  
And follow well this plan of mine.  
Choose the timbers with greatest care;  
Of all that is unsound beware;  
For only what is sound and strong  
To this vessel shall belong.

Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine  
Here together shall combine.  
A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,  
And the UNION be her name !  
For the day that gives her to the sea  
Shall give my daughter unto thee !'

The Master's word  
Enraptured the young man heard ;  
And as he turned his face aside,  
With a look of joy and a thrill of pride  
Standing before  
Her father's door,  
He saw the form of his promised bride  
The sun shone on her golden hair,  
And her cheek was glowing fresh and fair,  
With the breath of morn and the soft sea air  
Like a beauteous barge was she,  
Still at rest on the sandy beach,  
Just beyond the billow's reach ;  
But he  
Was the restless, seething, stormy sea !  
Ah, how skilful grows the hand  
That obeyeth Love's command !  
It is the heart, and not the brain,  
That to the highest doth attain,  
And he who followeth Love's behest  
Far excelleth all the rest !

Thus with the rising of the sun  
Was the noble task begun,  
And soon throughout the shipyard's bounds  
Were heard the intermingled sounds

## BUILDING OF THE SHIP

Of axes and of mallets, plied  
With vigorous arms on every side ,  
Plied so deftly and so well,  
That, ere the shadows of evening fell,  
The keel of oak for a noble ship,  
Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong,  
Was lying ready, and stretched along  
The blocks, well placed upon the slip.  
Happy, thrice happy, every one  
Who sees his labour well begun,  
And not perplexed and multiplied,  
By idly waiting for time and tide !

And when the hot, long day was o'er,  
The young man at the Master's door  
Sat with the maiden calm and still,  
And within the porch, a little more  
Removed beyond the evening chill,  
The father sat, and told them tales  
Of wrecks in the great September gales,  
Of pirates coasting the Spanish Main,  
And ships that never came back again,  
The chance and change of a sailor's life,  
Want and plenty, rest and strife,  
His roving fancy, like the wind,  
That nothing can stay and nothing can bind,  
And the magic charm of foreign lands,  
With shadows of palms, and shining sands,  
Where the tumbling surf,  
O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar,  
Washes the feet of the swarthy Lascar,  
As he lies alone and asleep on the turf.

And the trembling maiden held her breath  
At the tales of that awful, pitiless sea,  
With all its terror and mystery,  
The dim, dark sea, so like unto Death,  
That divides and yet unites mankind !  
And whenever the old man paused, a gleam  
From the bowl of his pipe would awhile illumine  
The silent group in the twilight gloom,  
And thoughtful faces, as in a dream ,  
And for a moment one might mark  
What had been hidden by the dark,  
That the head of the maiden lay at rest,  
Tenderly, on the young man's breast !

Day by day the vessel grew,  
With timbers fashioned strong and true,  
Stemson and keelson and sternson-knee,  
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,  
A skeleton ship rose up to view !  
And around the bows and along the side  
The heavy hammers and mallets plied,  
Till after many a week, at length,  
Wonderful for form and strength,  
Sublime in its enormous bulk,  
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk !  
And around it columns of smoke, upwreathing,  
Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething  
Cauldron, that glowed,  
And overflowed  
With the black tar, heated for the sheathing.  
And amid the clamours  
Of clattering hammers,



He who listened heard now and then  
The song of the Master and his men :—

‘ Build me straight, O worthy Master,  
    Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,  
That shall laugh at all disaster,  
    And with wave and whirlwind wrestle ! ’

With oaken brace and copper band,  
Lay the rudder on the sand,  
That, like a thought, should have control  
Over the movement of the whole,  
And near it the anchor, whose giant hand  
Would reach down and grapple with the land,  
And immovable and fast  
Hold the great ship against the bellowing  
    blast !

And at the bows an image stood,  
By a cunning artist carved in wood,  
With robes of white, that far behind  
Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.  
It was not shaped in a classic mould,  
Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old,  
Or Naiad rising from the water,  
But modelled from the Master’s daughter !  
On many a dreary and misty night,  
’Twill be seen by the rays of the signal light,  
Speeding along through the rain and the dark,  
Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,  
The pilot of some phantom bark,  
Guiding the vessel, in its flight,  
By a path none other knows aright !

Behold, at last,  
Each tall and tapering mast  
Is swung into its place ;  
Shrouds and stays  
Holding it firm and fast !

Long ago,  
In the deer-haunted forests of Maine.  
When upon mountain and plain  
Lay the snow,  
They fell,—those lordly pines !  
Those grand, majestic pines !  
'Mid shouts and cheers  
The jaded steers,  
Panting beneath the goad,  
Dragged down the weary, winding road  
Those captive kings so straight and tall,  
To be shorn of their streaming hair,  
And naked and bare,  
To feel the stress and the strain  
Of the wind and the reeling main,  
Whose roar  
Would remind them for evermore  
Of their native forests they should not see again.

And everywhere  
The slender, graceful spars  
Poise aloft in the air,  
And at the masthead,  
White, blue, and red,  
A flag unrolls the stripes and stars.  
Ah ! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,

## BUILDING OF THE SHIP

In foreign harbours shall behold  
That flag unrolled,  
'Twill be as a friendly hand  
Stretched out from his native land,  
Filling his heart with memories sweet and

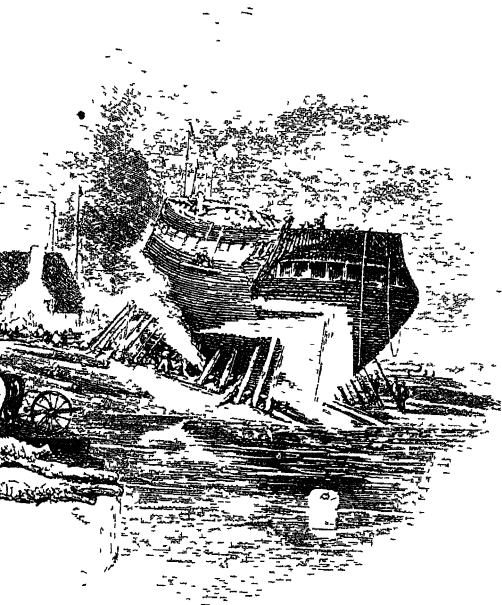
All is finished ! and at length  
Has come the bridal day  
Of beauty and of strength.  
'To-day the vessel shall be launched !  
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,  
And o'er the bay,  
Slowly, in all his splendours dight,  
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old,  
Centuries old,  
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,  
Paces restless to and fro,  
Up and down the sands of gold.  
His beating heart is not at rest ;  
And far and wide,  
With ceaseless flow,  
His beard of snow  
Heaves with the heaving of his breast  
He waits impatient for his bride.  
There she stands,  
With her foot upon the sands,  
Decked with flags and streamers gay,  
In honour of her marriage day,  
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blinding  
Round her like a veil descending,

Ready to be  
The bride of the grey old sea.

On the deck another bride  
Is standing by her lover's side.  
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,  
Like the shadows cast by clouds,  
Broken by many a sudden fleck,  
Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said,  
The service read,  
The joyous bridegroom bows his head;  
And in tears the good old Master  
Shakes the brown hand of his son,  
Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek  
In silence, for he cannot speak,  
And ever faster  
Down his own the tears begin to run.  
The worthy pastor—  
The shepherd of that wandering flock,  
That has the ocean for its wold,  
That has the vessel for its fold,  
Leaping ever from rock to rock—  
Spake, with accents mild and clear,  
Words of warning, words of cheer,  
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.  
He knew the chart  
Of the sailor's heart,  
All its pleasures and its griefs,  
All its shallows and rocky reefs.  
All those secret currents, that flow  
With such resistless undertow,



*She seems to feel  
The thrill of life along her keel.*

And lift and drift, with terrible force,  
The will from its moorings and its course.  
Therefore he spake, and thus said he.—

‘Like unto ships far off at sea,  
Outward or homeward bound, are we.  
Before, behind, and all around,  
Floats and swings the horizon’s bound,  
Seems at its distant rim to rise  
And climb the crystal wall of the skies,  
And then again to turn and sink,  
As if we could slide from its outer brink  
Ah! it is not the sea,  
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,  
But ourselves  
That rock and rise  
With endless and uneasy motion,  
Now touching the very skies,  
Now sinking into the depths of ocean  
Ah! if our souls but poise and swing  
Like the compass in its brazen ring,  
Ever level and ever true  
To the toil and the task we have to do,  
We shall sail securely, and safely reach  
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach  
The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,  
Will be those of joy and not of fear!’

Then the Master,  
With a gesture of command,  
Waved his hand,

The Fortunate Isles of the Greeks were supposed to lie beyond  
the Pillars of Hercules (Straits of Gibraltar) in mid-Atlantic.

## BUILDING OF THE SHIP

And at the word,  
Loud and sudden there was heard,  
All around them and below,  
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,  
Knocking away the shores and spurs.  
And see ! she stirs !  
She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel  
The thrill of life along her keel,  
And, spurning with her foot the ground,  
With one exulting, joyous bound,  
She leaps into the ocean's arms !

And lo ! from the assembled crowd  
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,  
That to the ocean seemed to say,  
'Take her, O bridegroom, old and grey,  
Take her to thy protecting arms,  
With all her youth and all her charms !'

How beautiful she is ! How fair  
She lies within those arms, that press  
Her form with many a soft caress  
Of tenderness and watchful care !  
Sail forth into the sea, O ship !  
Through wind and wave, right onward steer  
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,  
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,  
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,  
And safe from all adversity  
Upon the bosom of that sea  
Thy comings and thy goings be !

For gentleness and love and trust  
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust ;  
And in the wreck of noble lives  
Something immortal still survives !

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State !  
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great !  
Humanity with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate !  
We know what Master laid thy keel,  
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,  
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,  
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
In what a forge and what a heat  
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope !  
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,  
'Tis of the wave and not the rock ;  
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,  
And not a rent made by the gale !  
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea !  
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee,—are all with thee !

*Ship of State*: the reader must not forget that the poet was an American, and that the reference is to the United States.



*KING ROBERT OF SICILY*

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane  
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,  
Apparelled in magnificent attire,  
With retinue of many a knight and squire,  
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat  
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat  
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again  
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,  
He caught the words, '*Deposuit potentes  
De sede, et exaltavit humiles*';  
And slowly lifting up his kingly head  
He to a learned clerk beside him said,  
'What mean these words?' The clerk made answer  
meet,  
'He has put down the mighty from their seat,  
And has exalted them of low degree.'  
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,  
'Tis well that such seditious words are sung  
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;  
For unto priests and people be it known,  
There is no power can push me from my throne!  
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,  
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;  
The church was empty, and there was no light,  
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,  
Lighted a little space before some saint.

*Allemaine*: Germany. This is a story of the Middle Ages.

He started from his seat and gazed around,  
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.  
He groped towards the door, but it was locked ;  
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,  
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,  
And imprecations upon men and saints.  
The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls  
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without  
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,  
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,  
Came with his lantern, asking, ' Who is there ? '  
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,  
' Open : ' tis I, the King ! Art thou afraid ? '  
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,  
' This is some drunken vagabond, or worse ! '  
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide ,  
A man rushed by him at a single stride,  
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,  
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,  
But leaped into the blackness of the night,  
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane  
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaigne,  
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,  
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,  
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,  
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate ;  
Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage  
To right and left each seneschal and page,



*There on the dais sat another king.*

And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,  
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.  
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed ;  
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,  
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,  
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,  
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,  
King Robert's self in features, form, and height,  
But all transfigured with angelic light !  
It was an Angel ; and his presence there  
With a divine effulgence filled the air,  
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,  
Though none the hidden Angel recognise.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,  
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,  
Who met his look of anger and surprise  
With the divine compassion of his eyes ;  
Then said, 'Who art thou ? and why com'st thou  
here ?'

To which King Robert answered with a sneer,  
'I am the King, and come to claim my own  
From an impostor, who usurps my throne !'  
And suddenly, at these audacious words,  
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords ;  
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,  
'Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou  
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,  
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape ,  
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,  
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall !'

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,  
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs ;  
A group of tittering pages ran before,  
And as they opened wide the folding-door,  
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,  
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,  
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring  
With the mock plaudits of ' Long live the King ! '

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,  
He said within himself, ' It was a dream ! '  
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,  
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,  
Around him rose the bare, discoloured walls,  
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,  
And in the corner, a revolting shape,  
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.  
It was no dream ; the world he loved so much  
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch !

Days came and went ; and now returned again  
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign ;  
Under the Angel's governance benign  
The happy island danced with corn and wine,  
And deep within the mountain's burning breast  
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.

*Saturnian reign* : the fabulous reign of Saturn—the golden age.

*Enceladus* : the giant who for rebellion against Jupiter was struck with a thunderbolt and buried alive beneath the heap of earth known as Mount Etna. The smoke of the volcano was supposed to be the breath of the giant.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,  
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.  
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,  
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,  
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,  
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,  
His only friend the ape, his only food  
What others left,—he still was unsubdued.  
And when the Angel met him on his way,  
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,  
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel  
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,  
'Art thou the King?' the passion of his woe  
Burst from him in resistless overflow,  
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling  
The haughty answer back, 'I am, I am the  
King!'

Almost three years were ended ; when there came  
Ambassadors of great repute and name  
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaigne,  
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane  
By letter summoned them forthwith to come  
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.  
The Angel with great joy received his guests,  
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,  
And velvet mantles with rich 'ermine lined,  
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.  
Then he departed with them o'er the sea  
Into the lovely land of Italy,  
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made  
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,

With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir  
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.  
And lo ! among the menials, in mock state,  
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,  
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,  
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,  
King Robert rode, making huge merriment  
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare  
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square,  
Giving his benediction and embrace,  
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace  
While with congratulations and with prayers  
He entertained the Angel unawares,  
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,  
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,  
'I am the King ! Look, and behold in me  
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily !  
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,  
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.  
Do you not know me ? does no voice within  
Answer my cry, and say we are akin ?'

The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,  
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene ;  
The Emperor, laughing, said, 'It is strange sport  
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court !'  
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace  
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,  
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky ;

The presence of the Angel, with its light,  
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,  
And with new fervour filled the hearts of men,  
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.  
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,  
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendour saw,  
He felt within a power unfelt before,  
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,  
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord  
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more  
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,  
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again  
The land was made resplendent with his train,  
Flashing along the towns of Italy  
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.  
And when once more within Palermo's wall,  
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,  
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,  
As if the better world conversed with ours,  
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,  
And with a gesture bade the rest retire ;  
And when they were alone, the Angel said,  
'Art thou the King?' Then, bowing down his  
head,  
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,  
And meekly answered him : ' Thou knowest best !  
My sins as scarlet are ; let me go hence,  
And in some cloister's school of penitence,  
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,  
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven ! '



The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face  
A holy light illumined all the place,  
And through the open window, loud and clear,  
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,  
Above the stir and tumult of the street :  
'He has put down the mighty from their seat,  
And has exalted them of low degree !'  
And through the chant a second melody  
Rose like the throbbing of a single string :  
'I am an Angel, and thou art the King !'

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,  
Lifted his eyes, and lo ! he was alone !  
But all appavelled as in days of old,  
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold ;  
And when his courtiers came, they found him there  
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

*HORATIUS*

LARS PORSENA of Clusium  
By the Nine Gods he swore  
That the great house of Tarquin  
Should suffer wrong no more.  
By the Nine Gods he swore it,  
And named a trysting day,  
And bade his messengers ride forth,  
East and west and south and north,  
To summon his array.

Driven from Rome, Tarquinius Superbus, the last of the kings  
of that city, took refuge in Etruria with Lars Porsena.

East and west and south and north  
The messengers ride fast,  
And tower and town and cottage  
Have heard the trumpet's blast.  
Shame on the false Etruscan  
Who lingers in his home,  
When Porsena of Clusium  
Is on the march for Rome,

The horsemen and the footmen  
Are pouring in amain  
From many a stately market-place,  
From many a fruitful plain ;  
From many a lonely hamlet,  
Which, hid by beech and pine,  
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest  
Of purple Apennine.

From lordly Volaterræ,  
Where scowls the far-famed hold  
Piled by the hands of giants  
For godlike kings of old :  
From seagirt Populonia,  
Whose sentinels descry  
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops  
Fringing the southern sky ;

From the proud mart of Pisæ,  
Queen of the western waves,  
Where ride Massiha's triremes  
Heavy with fair-haired slaves ;

From where sweet Clanis wanders  
Through corn and vine and flowers ,  
From where Cortona lifts to heaven  
Her diadem of towers.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns  
Drop in dark Auser's rill ;  
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs  
Of the Ciminian hill ;  
Beyond all streams Clitumnus  
Is to the herdsman dear ;  
Best of all pools the fowler loves  
The great Volsinian mere

But now no stroke of woodman  
Is heard by Auser's rill ;  
No hunter tracks the stag's green path  
Up the Ciminian hill ,  
Unwatched along Clitumnus  
Grazes the milk-white steer ;  
Unharm'd the water-fowl may dip  
In the Volsinian mere

The harvests of Arretium,  
This year, old men shall reap ;  
This year, young boys in Umbro  
Shall plunge the struggling sheep ;  
And in the vats of Luna,  
This year, the must shall foam  
Round the white feet of laughing girls  
Whose sires have marched to Rome.

## LORD MACAULAY

There be thirty chosen prophets,  
The wisest of the land,  
Who alway by Lars Porsena  
Both morn and evening stand :  
Evening and morn the Thirty  
Have turned the verses o'er,  
Traced from the right on linen white  
By mighty seers of yore

And with one voice the Thirty  
Have their glad answer given :  
'Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena ;  
Go forth, beloved of Heaven ;  
Go, and return in glory  
To Clusium's royal dome ,  
And hang round Nurscia's altars  
The golden shields of Rome.'

And now hath every city  
Sent up her tale of men ;  
The foot are fourscore thousand,  
The horse are thousands ten :  
Before the gates of Sutrium  
Is met the great array.  
A proud man was Lars Porsena  
Upon the trysting day.

For all the Etruscan armies  
Were ranged beneath his eye,  
And many a banished Roman,  
And many a stout ally ;



*The throng stopped up the ways.*

And with a mighty following  
To join the muster came  
The Tusculan Mamilius,  
Prince of the Latian name.

But by the yellow Tiber  
Was tumult and affright.  
From all the spacious champagn  
To Rome men took their flight.  
A mile around the city,  
The throng stopped up the ways ;  
A fearful sight it was to see  
Through two long nights and days

For aged folks on crutches,  
And woman, maid and child,  
And mothers sobbing over babes  
That clung to them and smiled,  
And sick men borne in litters  
High on the necks of slaves,  
And troops of sun-burned husbandmen  
With reaping-hooks and staves,

And droves of mules and asses  
Laden with skins of wine,  
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,  
And endless herds of kine,  
And endless trains of waggons  
That creaked beneath the weight  
Of corn-sacks and of household goods,  
Choked every roaring gate.

*Champaign*. plain.

## HORATIUS

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,  
    Could the wan burghers spy  
The line of blazing villages  
    Red in the midnight sky.  
The Fathers of the City,  
    They sat all night and day,  
For every hour some horseman came  
    With tidings of dismay.

To eastward and to westward  
    Have spread the Tuscan bands ;  
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote  
    In Crustumerium stands.  
Verbenna down to Ostia  
    Hath wasted all the plain ;  
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,  
    And the stout guards are slain

I-wis, in all the Senate,  
    There was no heart so bold,  
But sore it ached and fast it beat,  
    When that ill news was told.  
Forthwith up rose the Consul,  
    Up rose the Fathers all ;  
In haste they girded up their gowns,  
    And hied them to the wall.

*Rock Tarpeian* a precipitous rock outside Rome.  
*Janiculum* : one of the hills on the outskirts of Rome.  
*I-wis* . assuredly.

They held a council standing  
Before the River-Gate ;  
Short time was there, ye well may guess,  
For musing or debate.  
Out spake the Consul roundly :  
‘The bridge must straight go down ,  
For, since Janiculum is lost,  
None else can save the town”

Just then a scout came flying,  
All wild with haste and fear  
‘To arms ! to arms ! Sir Consul .  
Lars Porsena is here.’  
On the low hills to westward  
The Consul fixed his eye,  
And saw the swarthy storm of dust  
Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer  
Doth the red whirlwind come ;  
And louder still and still more loud,  
From underneath that rolling cloud,  
Is heard the trumpet’s war-note proud,  
The trampling, and the hum.  
And plainly and more plainly  
Now through the gloom appears,  
Far to left and far to right,  
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,  
The long array of helmets bright,  
The long array of spears.



And plainly and more plainly,  
Above that glimmering line,  
Now might we see the banners  
Of twelve fair cities shine ;  
But the banner of proud Clusium  
Was highest of them all,  
The terror of the Umbrian,  
The terror of the Gaul.

And plainly and more plainly  
Now might the burghers know,  
By port and vest, by horse and crest,  
Each warlike Lucumo.  
There Cilnius of Arretium  
On his fleet roan was seen ;  
And Astur of the fourfold shield,  
Girt with the brand none else may wield,  
Tolumnius with the belt of gold,  
And dark Verbenna from the hold  
By reedy Thrasymene.

Fast by the royal standard,  
O'erlooking all the war,  
Lars Porsena of Clusium  
Sat in his ivory car.  
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,  
Prince of the Latian name ;  
And by the left false Sextus,  
That wrought the deed of shame.

And when the face of Sextus  
Was seen among the foes,  
A yell that rent the firmament  
From all the town arose.

On the housetops was no woman  
But spat towards him. and hissed ;  
No child but screamed out curses,  
And shook its little fist.

But the Consul's brow was sad,  
And the Consul's speech was low,  
And darkly looked he at the wall,  
And darkly at the foe.  
'Their van will be upon us  
Before the bridge goes down ;  
And if they once may win the bridge,  
What hope to save the town ?'

Then out spake brave Horatius,  
The Captain of the Gate .  
'To every man upon this earth  
Death cometh soon or late.  
And how can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds,  
For the ashes of his fathers,  
And the temples of his Gods

'And for the tender mother  
Who dandled him to rest,  
And for the wife who nurses  
His baby at her breast,  
And for the holy maidens  
Who feed the eternal flame,  
To save them from false Sextus,  
That wrought the deed of shame?

*The Holy Maidens.* the Vestal Virgins who kept alight the sacred fire of Vesta, the goddess of the hearth, in her temple.

## HORATIUS

‘Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,  
With all the speed ye may ;  
I, with two more to help me,  
Will hold the foe in play.  
In yon strait path a thousand  
May well be stopped by three.  
Now who will stand on either hand,  
And keep the bridge with me ?’

Then out spake Spurius Lartius ;  
A Ramnian proud was he :  
‘Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,  
And keep the bridge with thee.’  
And out spake strong Herminius ;  
Of Titian blood was he :  
‘I will abide on thy left side,  
And keep the bridge with thee’

‘Horatius,’ quoth the Consul,  
‘As thou sayest, so let it be.’  
And straight against that great array  
Forth went the dauntless Three.  
For Romans in Rome’s quarrel  
Spared neither land nor gold,  
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,  
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party ;  
Then all were for the state ;  
Then the great man helped the poor,  
And the poor man loved the great

Then lands were fairly portioned ;  
Then spoils were fairly sold :  
The Romans were like brothers  
In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman  
More hateful than a foe,  
And the Tribunes beard the high,  
And the Fathers grind the low.  
As we wax hot in faction,  
In battle we wax cold :  
Wherefore men fight not as they fought  
In the brave days of old.

Now while the Three were tightening  
Their harness on their backs,  
The Consul was the foremost man  
To take in hand an axe :  
And Fathers mixed with Commons  
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,  
And smote upon the planks above  
And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,  
Right glorious to behold,  
Came flashing back the noonday light,  
Rank behind rank, like surges bright  
Of a broad sea of gold.  
Four hundred trumpets sounded  
A peal of warlike glee,

*Now Roman is to Roman.* The poem is supposed to be written about one hundred and twenty years after the war which it celebrates.



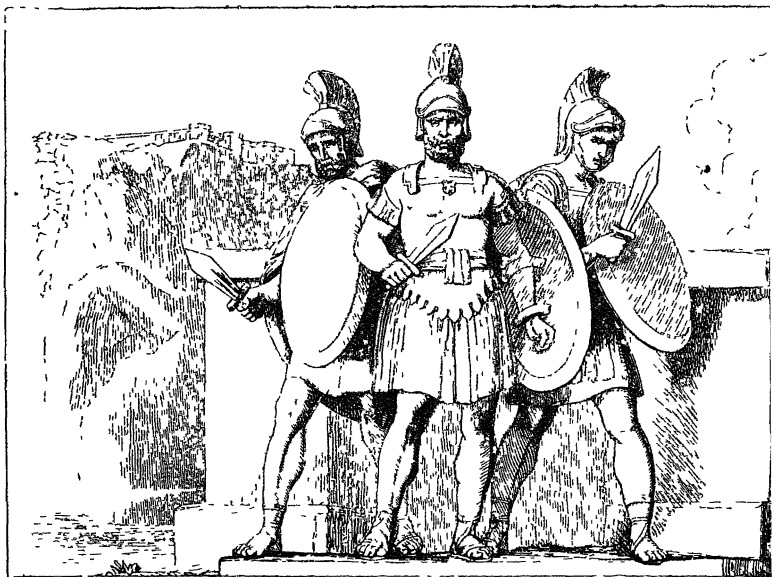
*Smote upon the planks above  
And loosed the props below*

As that great host with measured tread,  
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,  
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,  
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,  
And looked upon the foes,  
And a great shout of laughter  
From all the vanguard rose.  
And forth three chiefs came spurring  
Before that deep array;  
To earth they sprang, their swords they  
drew,  
And lifted high their shields, and flew  
To win the narrow way;

Aunus from green Tifernum,  
Lord of the Hill of Vines;  
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves  
Sicken in Ilva's mines;  
And Picus, long to Clusium  
Vassal in peace and war,  
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers  
From that grey crag where, girt with towers,  
The fortress of Nequinum lowers  
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus  
Into the stream beneath;  
Herminius struck at Seius,  
And clove him to the teeth:



*The Three stood calm and silent.*

At Picus brave Horatius  
Darted one fiery thrust ;  
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms  
Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerni  
Rushed on the Roman Three ;  
And Lausulus of Urgo,  
The rover of the sea ;  
And Aruns of Volsinium,  
Who slew the great wild boar,  
The great wild boar that had his den  
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,  
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,  
Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns :  
Lartius laid Ocnus low :  
Right to the heart of Lausulus  
Horatius sent a blow.  
'Lie there,' he cried, 'fell pirate !  
No more, aghast and pale,  
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark  
The track of thy destroying bark.  
No more Campania's hinds shall fly  
To woods and caverns when they spy  
Thy thrice-accursed sail '

But now no sound of laughter  
Was heard among the foes.  
A wild and wrathful clamour  
From all the vanguard rose.



## HORATIUS

Six spears' lengths from the entrance  
Halted that deep array,  
And for a space no man came forth  
To win the narrow way.

But hark ! the cry is Astur .  
And lo ! the ranks divide ;  
And the great Lord of Luna  
Comes with his stately stride.  
Upon his ample shoulders  
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,  
And in his hand he shakes the brand  
Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans  
A smile serene and high ;  
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,  
And scorn was in his eye.  
Quoth he, ' The she-wolf's litter  
Stand savagely at bay :  
But will ye dare to follow,  
If Astur clears the way ? '

Then, whirling up his broadsword  
With both hands to the height,  
He rushed against Horatius,  
And smote with all his might.  
With shield and blade Horatius  
Right deftly turned the blow.

*The she-wolf's litter.* Romulus and Remus, the ancestors of the Romans, were nursed in their infancy by a she-wolf.

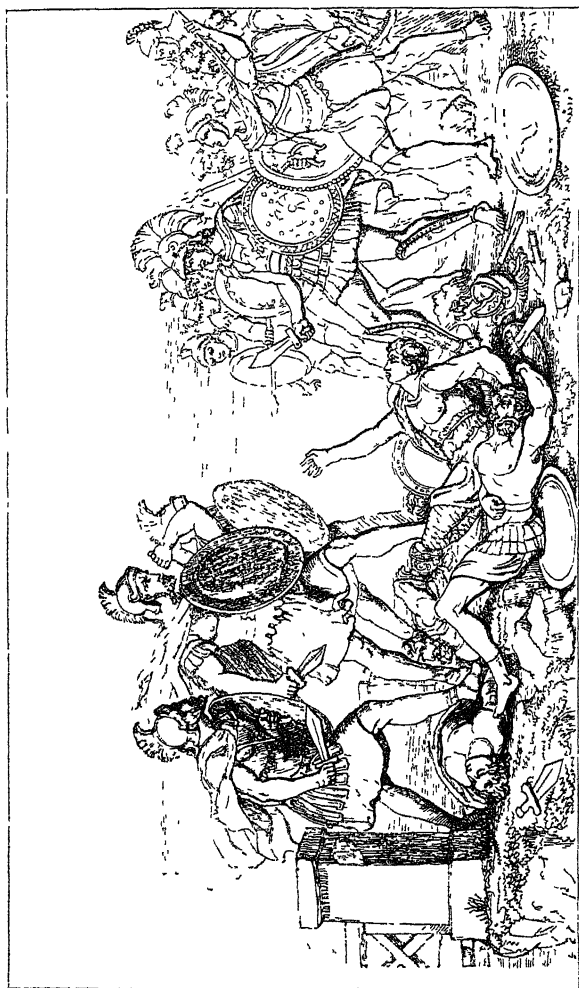
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh,  
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:  
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry  
To see the red blood flow

He reeled, and on Herminius  
He leaned one breathing-space;  
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,  
Sprang right at Astur's face.  
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,  
So fierce a thrust he sped,  
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out  
Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great Lord of Luna  
Fell at that deadly stroke,  
As falls on Mount Alvernus  
A thunder-smitten oak.  
Far o'er the crashing forest  
The giant arms lie spread;  
And the pale augurs, muttering low,  
Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius  
Right firmly pressed his heel,  
And thrice and four times tugged amain,  
Ere he wrenched out the steel.  
'And see,' he cried, 'the welcome,  
Fair guests, that waits you here!  
What noble Lucumo comes next  
To taste our Roman cheer?'

*Augurs: prophets.*



*'What noble Lucumo comes next?'*

But at his haughty challenge  
A sullen murmur ran,  
Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,  
Along that glittering van  
There lacked not men of prowess,  
Nor men of lordly race ;  
For all Etruria's noblest  
Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest  
Felt their hearts sink to see  
On earth the bloody corpses,  
In the path the dauntless Three :  
And, from the ghastly entrance,  
Where those bold Romans stood,  
All shrank, like boys who unaware,  
Ranging the woods to start a hare,  
Come to the mouth of the dark lair  
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear  
Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost  
To lead such dire attack :  
But those behind cried 'Forward !'  
And those before cried 'Back !'  
And backward now and forward  
Wavers the deep array ,  
And on the tossing sea of steel,  
'To and fro the standards reel ;  
And the victorious trumpet-peal  
Dies fitfully away.

## HORATIUS

Yet one man for one moment  
    Stood out before the crowd ;  
Well known was he to all the Three,  
    And they gave him greeting loud :  
‘Now welcome, welcome, Sextus !  
    Now welcome to thy home !  
Why dost thou stay, and turn away ?  
    Here lies the road to Rome.’

Thrice looked he at the city ;  
    Thrice looked he at the dead ;  
And thrice came on in fury,  
    And thrice turned back in dread :  
And, white with fear and hatred,  
    Scowled at the narrow way  
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,  
    The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever  
    Have manfully been plied ;  
And now the bridge hangs tottering  
    Above the boiling tide.  
‘Come back, come back, Horatius !’  
    Loud cried the Fathers all.  
‘Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !  
    Back, ere the ruin fall !’

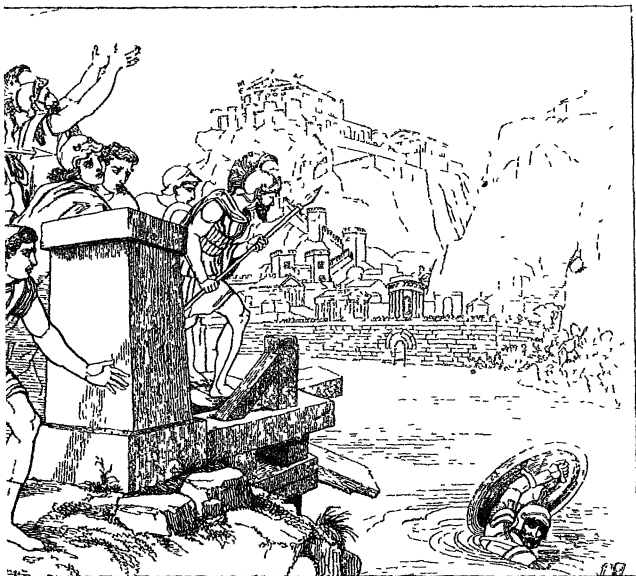
Back darted Spurius Lartius ;  
    Herminius darted back :  
And, as they passed, beneath their feet  
    They felt the timbers crack.

But when they turned their faces,  
And on the farther shore  
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,  
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder  
Fell every loosened beam,  
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck  
Lay right athwart the stream :  
And a long shout of triumph  
Rose from the walls of Rome,  
As to the highest turret-tops  
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken  
When first he feels the rein,  
The furious river struggled hard,  
And tossed his tawny mane,  
And burst the curb, and bounded,  
Rejoicing to be free,  
And whirling down, in fierce career,  
Battlement, and plank, and pier,  
Rushed headlong to the sea

Alone stood brave Horatius,  
But constant still in mind ;  
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,  
And the broad flood behind.  
‘Down with him !’ cried false Sextus,  
With a smile on his pale face.  
‘Now yield thee,’ cried Lars Porsena,  
‘Now yield thee to our grace’



*With his harness on his back,  
Plunged headlong in the tide.*

Round turned he, as not deigning  
Those craven ranks to see ;  
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,  
To Sextus nought spake he ;  
But he saw on Palatinus  
The white porch of his home ;  
And he spake to the noble river  
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

‘O Tiber ! father Tiber !  
To whom the Romans pray,  
A Roman’s life, a Roman’s arms,  
Take thou in charge this day !’  
So he spake, and speaking sheathed  
The good sword by his side,  
And with his harness on his back,  
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow  
Was heard from either bank ;  
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,  
With parted lips and straining eyes,  
Stood gazing where he sank ;  
And when above the surges  
They saw his crest appear,  
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,  
And even the ranks of Tuscany  
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,  
Swollen high by months of rain :  
And fast his blood was flowing ;  
And he was sore in pain,

*Palatinus* · one of the seven hills on which Rome was built.



## HORATIUS

And heavy with his armour,  
And spent with changing blows :  
And oft they thought him sinking,  
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,  
In such an evil case,  
Struggle through such a raging flood  
Safe to the landing place ;  
But his limbs were borne up bravely  
By the brave heart within,  
And our good father Tiber  
Bore bravely up his chin.

‘Curse on him !’ quoth false Sextus ;  
‘Will not the villain drown ?  
But for this stay ere close of day  
We should have sacked the town !’  
‘Heaven help him !’ quoth Lars Porsena,  
‘And bring him safe to shore ;  
For such a gallant feat of arms  
Was never seen before.’

And now he feels the bottom ;  
Now on dry earth he stands ;  
Now round him throng the Fathers  
To press his gory hands ;  
And now, with shouts and clapping,  
And noise of weeping loud,  
He enters through the River-Gate,  
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,  
That was of public right,  
As much as two strong oxen  
Could plough from morn till night;  
And they made a molten image,  
And set it up on high,  
And there it stands unto this day  
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium  
Plain for all folk to see;  
Horatius in his harness,  
Halting upon one knee:  
And underneath is written,  
In letters all of gold,  
How valiantly he kept the bridge  
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring  
Unto the men of Rome,  
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them  
To charge the Volscian home;  
And wives still pray to Juno  
For boys with hearts as bold  
As his who kept the bridge so well  
In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,  
When the cold north winds blow,  
And the long howling of the wolves  
Is heard amidst the snow;

## SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

When round the lonely cottage  
Roars loud the tempest's din.  
And the good logs of Algidus  
Roar louder yet within ;

When the oldest cask is opened,  
And the largest lamp is lit ;  
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,  
And the kid turns on the spit ;  
When young and old in circle  
Around the firebrands close :  
When the girls are weaving baskets,  
And the lads are shaping bows ;

When the goodman mends his armour,  
And trims his helmet's plume ;  
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily  
Goes flashing through the loom ;  
With weeping and with laughter  
Still is the story told,  
How well Horatius kept the bridge  
In the brave days of old.

## *SOHRAB AND RUSTUM*

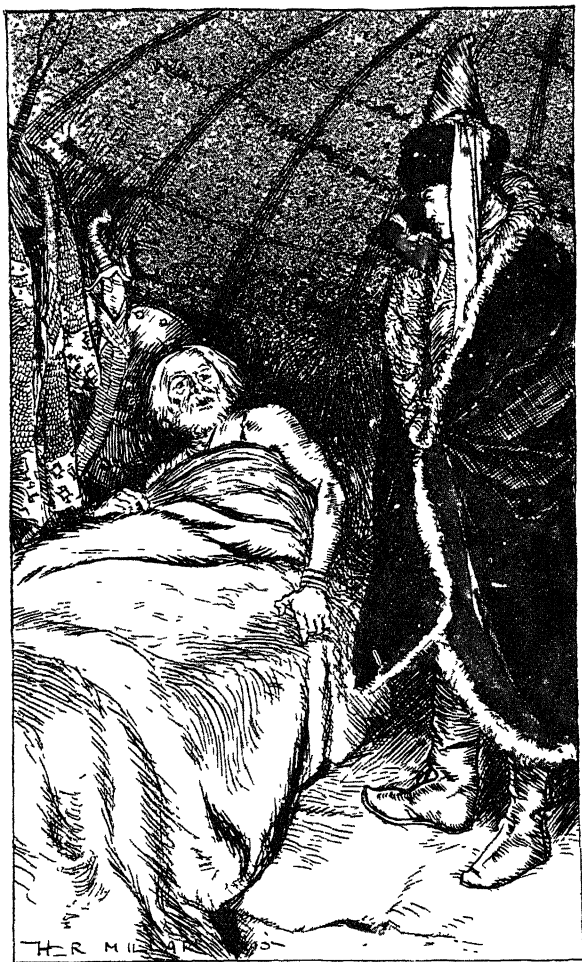
### AN EPISODE

AND the first grey of morning fill'd the east,  
And the fog rose out of the Oxus stream.  
But all the Tartar camp along the stream  
Was hush'd, and still the men were plunged in sleep

Sohrab alone, he slept not : all night long  
He had lain wakeful, tossing on his bed ;  
But when the grey dawn stole into his tent,  
He rose, and clad himself, and girt his sword,  
And took his horseman's cloak, and left his tent,  
And went abroad into the cold wet fog,  
Through the dim camp to Peran-Wisa's tent.

Through the black Taitar tents he pass'd, which stood  
Clustering like beehives on the low flat strand  
Of Oxus, where the summer floods o'erflow  
When the sun melts the snows in high Pamere  
Through the black tents he pass'd, o'er that low strand,  
And to a hillock came, a little back  
From the stream's brink, the spot where first a boat,  
Crossing the stream in summer, scrapes the land.  
The men of former times had crown'd the top  
With a clay fort : but that was fall'n, and now  
The Tartars built there Peran-Wisa's tent,  
A dome of laths, and o'er it felts were spread.  
And Sohrab came there, and went in, and stood  
Upon the thick pil'd carpets in the tent,  
And found the old man sleeping on his bed  
Of rugs and felts, and near him lay his arms.  
And Peran-Wisa heard him, though the step  
Was dull'd ; for he slept light, an old man's sleep ;  
And he rose quickly on one arm, and said :—  
‘ Who art thou ? for it is not yet clear dawn.  
Speak ! is there news, or any night alarm ? ’

But Sohrab came to the bedside, and said  
‘ Thou know'st me, Peran-Wisa . it is I.  
The sun is not yet risen, and the foe  
Sleep ; but I sleep not , all night long I lie



*He rose quickly on one arm.*

Tossing and wakeful, and I come to thee.  
For so did King Afrasiab bid me seek  
Thy counsel, and to heed thee as thy son,  
In Samarcand, before the army march'd ;  
And I will tell thee what my heart desires.  
Thou knowest if, since from Ader-baijan first  
I came among the Tartars, and bore arms,  
I have still serv'd Afrasiab well, and shewn,  
At my boy's years, the courage of a man.  
This too thou know'st, that, while I still bear on  
The conquering Tartar ensigns through the world,  
And beat the Persians back on every field,  
I seek one man, one man, and one alone—  
Rustum, my father ; who, I hop'd, should greet,  
Should one day greet, upon some well-fought field  
His not unworthy, not inglorious son  
So I long hop'd, but him I never find.  
Come then, hear now, and grant me what I ask.  
Let the two armies rest to-day : but I  
Will challenge forth the bravest Persian lords  
To meet me, man to man : if I prevail,  
Rustum will surely hear it ; if I fall—  
Old man, the dead need no one, claim no kin.  
Dim is the rumour of a common fight,  
Where host meets host, and many names are sunk :  
But of a single combat Fame speaks clear.'

He spoke, and Peran-Wisa took the hand  
Of the young man in his, and sigh'd, and said :—  
‘O Sohrab, an unquiet heart is thine !  
Canst thou not rest among the Tartar chiefs,  
And share the battle's common chance with us

Who love thee, but must press for ever first,  
In single fight incurring single risk,  
To find a father thou hast never seen?  
That were far best, my son, to stay with us  
Unmurmuring ; in our tents, while it is war,  
And when 'tis truce, then in Afrasiab's towns.  
But, if this one desire indeed rules all,  
To seek out Rustum—seek him not through fight :  
Seek him in peace, and carry to his arms,  
O Sohrab, carry an unwounded son !  
But far hence seek him, for he is not here.  
For now it is not as when I was young,  
When Rustum was in front of every fray :  
But now he keeps apart and sits at home,  
In Seistan, with Zal, his father old,  
Whether that his own mighty strength at last  
Feels the abhorr'd approaches of old age ;  
Or in some quarrel with the Persian King.  
There go —Thou wilt not ? Yet my heart forebodes  
Danger or death awaits thee on this field.  
Fain would I know thee safe and well, though lost  
To us : fain therefore send thee hence, in peace  
To seek thy father, not seek single fights  
In vain —but who can keep the lion's cub  
From ravening ? and who govern Rustum's son ?  
Go : I will grant thee what thy heart desires.'

So said he, and dropp'd Sohrab's hand, and left  
His bed, and the warm rugs whereon he lay,  
And o'er his chilly limbs his woollen coat  
He pass'd, and tied his sandals on his feet,  
And threw a white cloak round him, and he took

In his right hand a ruler's staff, no sword ;  
And on his head he plac'd his sheep-skin cap,  
Black, glossy, curl'd, the fleece of Kara-Kul ;  
And rais'd the curtain of his tent, and call'd  
His herald to his side, and went abroad.

The sun, by this, had risen, and clear'd the fog  
From the broad Oxus and the glittering sands :  
And from their tents the Tartar horsemen fil'd  
Into the open plain ; so Haman bade ,  
Haman, who next to Peran-Wisa rul'd  
The host, and still was in his lusty prime.  
From their black tents, long files of horse, they stream'd  
As when, some grey November morn, the files,  
In marching order spread, of long-neck'd cranes,  
Stream over Casbin, and the southern slopes  
Of Elburz, from the Aralian estuaries,  
Or some froze Caspian reed-bed, southward bound  
For the warm Persian sea-board : so they stream'd.  
The Tartars of the Oxus, the King's guard,  
First, with black sheep-skin caps and with long spears ;  
Large men, large steeds ; who from Bokhara come  
And Khiva, and ferment the milk of mares.  
Next the more temperate Toorkmuns of the south,  
The Tukas, and the lances of Salore,  
And those from Attruck and the Caspian sands ;  
Light men, and on light steeds, who only drink  
The acrid milk of camels, and their wells  
And then a swarm of wandering horse, who came  
From far, and a more doubtful service own'd ;  
The Tartars of Ferghana, from the banks  
Of the Javartes, men with scanty beards



And close-set skull-caps ; and those wilder hordes  
Who roam o'er Kipchak and the northern waste,  
Kalmuks and unkemp'd Kuzzaks, tribes who stray  
Nearest the pole, and wandering Kirghizzes,  
Who come on shaggy ponies from Pamere.  
These all fil'd out from camp into the plain.  
And on the other side the Persians form'd :  
First a light cloud of horse, Tartars they seem'd,  
The Ilyats of Khorassan : and behind,  
The royal troops of Persia, horse and foot,  
Marshall'd battalions bright in burnish'd steel.  
But Peran-Wisa with his herald came  
Threading the Tartar squadrons to the front,  
And with his staff kept back the foremost ranks.  
And when Ferood, who led the Persians, saw  
That Peran-Wisa kept the Tartars back,  
He took his spear, and to the front he came,  
And check'd his ranks, and fix'd them where they  
stood.

And the old Tartar came upon the sand  
Betwixt the silent hosts, and spake, and said —  
‘Ferood, and ye, Persians and Tartars, hear !  
Let there be truce between the hosts to-day,  
But choose a champion from the Persian lords  
To fight our champion Sohrab, man to man.’  
As, in the country, on a morn in June,  
When the dew glistens on the pearled ears,  
A shiver runs through the deep corn for joy—  
So, when they heard what Peran-Wisa said,  
A thrill through all the Tartar squadrons ran  
Of pride and hope for Sohrab, whom they lov'd

But as a troop of pedlars, from Cabool,  
Cross underneath the Indian Caucasus,  
That vast sky-neighbouring mountain of milk snow ;  
Winding so high, that, as they mount, they pass  
Long flocks of travelling birds dead on the snow,  
Chok'd by the air, and scarce can they themselves  
Slake their parch'd throats with sugar'd mulberries--  
In single file they move, and stop their breath,  
For fear they should dislodge the o'erhanging snows--  
So the pale Persians held their breath with fear.

And to Ferood his brother chiefs came up  
To counsel ; Gudurz and Zoarrah came,  
And Feraburz, who rul'd the Persian host  
Second, and was the uncle of the King :  
These came and counsell'd ; and then Gudurz said :—

‘Ferood, shame bids us take their challenge up,  
Yet champion have we none to match this youth.  
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart.  
But Rustum came last night ; aloof he sits  
And sullen, and has pitch'd his tents apart :  
Him will I seek, and carry to his ear  
The Tartar challenge, and this young man's name.  
Haply he will forget his wrath, and fight.  
Stand forth the while, and take their challenge up.’

So spake he ; and Ferood stood forth and said :—  
‘Old man, be it agreed as thou hast said.  
Let Sohrab arm, and we will find a man ’

He spoke ; and Peran-Wisa turn'd, and strode  
Back through the opening squadrons to his tent.

But through the anxious Persians Gudurz ran,  
And cross'd the camp which lay behind, and reach'd,  
Out on the sands beyond it, Rustum's tents.  
Of scarlet cloth they were, and glittering gay,  
Just pitch'd : the high pavilion in the midst  
Was Rustum's, and his men lay camped around.  
And Gudurz enter'd Rustum's tent, and found  
Rustum : his morning meal was done, but still  
The table stood beside him, charg'd with food ;  
A side of roasted sheep, and cakes of bread,  
And dark-green melons ; and there Rustum sate  
Listless, and held a falcon on his wrist,  
And play'd with it , but Gudurz came and stood  
Before him ; and he looked, and saw him stand ;  
And with a cry sprang up, and dropp'd the bird,  
And greeted Gudurz with both hands, and said :—  
'Welcome ! these eyes could see no better sight.  
What news ? but sit down first, and eat and drink.'

But Gudurz stood in the tent door, and said :—  
'Not now : a time will come to eat and drink,  
But not to-day : to-day has other needs.  
The armies are drawn out, and stand at gaze :  
For from the Tartars is a challenge brought  
To pick a champion from the Persian lords  
To fight their champion—and thou know'st his name—  
Sohrab men call him, but his birth is hid.  
O Rustum, like thy might is this young man's !  
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart ;  
And he is young, and Iran's chiefs are old,  
Or else too weak ; and all eyes turn to thee.  
Come down and help us, Rustum, or we lose.'

He spoke . but Rustum answered with a smile —  
‘Go to ! if Iran’s chiefs are old, then I  
Am older . if the young are weak, the King  
Errs strangely : for the King, for Kai Khosroo,  
Himself is young, and honours younger men,  
And lets the aged moulder to their graves.  
Rustum he loves no more, but loves the young—  
The young may rise at Sohrab’s vaunts, not I.  
For what care I, though all speak Sohrab’s fame?  
For would that I myself had such a son,  
And not that one slight helpless girl I have,  
A son so fam’d, so brave, to send to war,  
And I to tarry with the snow-hair’d Zal,  
My father, whom the robber Afghans vex,  
And clip his borders short, and drive his herds,  
And he has none to guard his weak old age  
There would I go, and hang my armour up,  
And with my great name fence that weak old  
man,  
And spend the goodly treasures I have got,  
And rest my age, and hear of Sohrab’s fame,  
And leave to death the hosts of thankless kings,  
And with these slaughterous hands draw sword no  
more.’

He spoke, and smil’d ; and Gudurz made reply —  
‘What then, O Rustum, will men say to this,  
When Sohrab dares our bravest forth, and seeks  
Thee most of all, and thou, whom most he seeks,  
Hidest thy face? Take heed, lest men should say,  
*Like some old miser, Rustum hoards his fame,*  
*And shuns to peril it with younger men’*

And, greatly mov'd, then Rustum made reply :—  
' O Gudurz, wherefore dost thou say such words?  
Thou knowest better words than this to say.  
What is one more, one less, obscure or fam'd,  
Valiant or craven, young or old, to me?  
Are not they mortal, am not I myself?  
But who for men of nought would do great deeds?  
Come, thou shalt see how Rustum hoards his fame.  
But I will fight unknown, and in plain arms ;  
Let not men say of Rustum, he was match'd  
In single fight with any mortal man.'

He spoke, and frown'd ; and Gudurz turn'd and ran  
Back quickly through the camp in fear and joy,  
Fear at his wrath, but joy that Rustum came.  
But Rustum strode to his tent door, and call'd  
His followers in, and bade them bring his arms,  
And clad himself in steel : the arms he chose  
Were plain, and on his shield was no device,  
Only his helm was rich, inlaid with gold,  
And from the fluted spine atop a plume  
Of horsehair wav'd, a scarlet horsehair plume.  
So arm'd he issued forth ; and Ruksh, his horse,  
Follow'd him, like a faithful hound, at heel,  
Ruksh, whose renown was nois'd through all the earth,  
The horse, whom Rustum on a foray once  
Did in Bokhara by the river find  
A colt beneath its dam, and drove him home,  
And rear'd him ; a bright bay, with lofty crest ;  
Dight with a saddle-cloth of broider'd green  
Crusted with gold, and on the ground were work'd  
All beasts of chase, all beasts which hunters know

So follow'd, Rustum left his tents, and cross'd  
The camp, and to the Persian host appear'd  
And all the Persians knew him, and with shouts  
Hail'd ; but the Tartars knew not who he was.  
And dear as the wet diver to the eyes  
Of his pale wife who waits and weeps on shore,  
By sandy Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf,  
Plunging all day in the blue waves, at night,  
Having made up his tale of precious pearls,  
Rejoins her in their hut upon the sands—  
So dear to the pale Persians Rustum came.

And Rustum to the Persian front advanc'd,  
And Sohrab arm'd in Haman's tent, and came.  
And as afield the reapers cut a swathe  
Down through the middle of a rich man's corn,  
And in the midst a stubble, short and bare ,  
So on each side were squares of men, with spears  
Bristling, and in the midst, the open sand.  
And Rustum came upon the sand, and cast  
His eyes towards the Tartar tents, and saw  
Sohrab come forth, and eyed him as he came.

As some rich woman, on a winter's morn,  
Eyes through her silken curtains the poor drudge  
Who with numb blacken'd fingers makes her fire—  
At cock-crow, on a starlit winter's morn,  
When the frost flowers the whiten'd window-panes—  
And wonders how she lives, and what the thoughts  
Of that poor drudge may be ; so Rustum ey'd  
The unknown adventurous youth, who from afar  
Came seeking Rustum, and defying forth

## SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

All the most valiant chiefs : long he perus'd  
His spirited air, and wonder'd who he was.  
For very young he seem'd, tenderly rear'd,  
Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight  
Which in a queen's secluded garden throws  
Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf,  
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound—  
So slender Sohrab seemed, so softly rear'd  
And a deep pity entered Rustum's soul  
As he beheld him coming ; and he stood,  
And beckon'd to him with his hand, and said .—

‘ O thou young man, the air of Heaven is soft,  
And warm, and pleasant ; but the grave is cold.  
Heaven's air is better than the cold dead grave.  
Behold me . I am vast, and clad in iron,  
And tried : and I have stood on many a field  
Of blood, and I have fought with many a foe :  
Never was that field lost, or that foe sav'd.  
O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on death ?  
Be govern'd : quit the Tartar host, and come  
To Iran, and be as my son to me,  
And fight beneath my banner till I die.  
There are no youths in Iran brave as thou.’

So he spake, mildly : Sohrab heard his voice,  
The mighty voice of Rustum ; and he saw  
His giant figure planted on the sand,  
Sole, like some single tower, which a chief  
Has builded on the waste in former years  
Against the robbers ; and he saw that head,  
Streak'd with its first grey hairs ; hope fill'd his soul

And he ran forwards and embrac'd his knees,  
And clasp'd his hand within his own, and said .—

‘ Oh, by thy father’s head ! by thine own soul !  
Art thou not Rustum ? Speak ! art thou not he ! ’  
But Rustum ey’d askance the kneeling youth,  
And turn’d away, and spoke to his own soul .—

‘ Ah me, I muse what this young fox may mean.  
False, wily, boastful, are these Tartar boys.  
For if I now confess this thing he asks,  
And hide it not, but say—*Rustum is here*—  
He will not yield indeed, nor quit our foes  
But he will find some pretext not to fight,  
And praise my fame, and proffer courteous gifts,  
A belt or sword perhaps, and go his way  
And on a feast day, in Afrasiab’s hall,  
In Samarcand, he will arise and cry—  
“ I challeng’d once, when the two armies camp’d  
Beside the Oxus, all the Persian lords  
To cope with me in single fight, but they  
Shrank, only Rustum dar’d . then he and I  
Chang’d gifts, and went on equal terms away ”  
So will he speak, perhaps, while men applaud.  
Then were the chiefs of Iran sham’d through me.’

And then he turn’d, and sternly spake aloud :—  
‘ Rise ! wherefore dost thou vainly question thus  
Of Rustum ? I am here, whom thou hast call’d  
By challenge forth : make good thy vaunt, or yield.  
Is it with Rustum only thou wouldst fight ?  
Rash boy, men look on Rustum’s face and flee.





*'Art thou not Rustum?'*

For well I know, that did great Rustum stand  
Before thy face this day, and were reveal'd,  
There would be then no talk of fighting more  
But being what I am, I tell thee this,  
Do thou record it in thine inmost soul :  
Either thou shalt renounce thy vaunt, and yield ;  
Or else thy bones shall strew this sand, till winds  
Bleach them, or Oxus with his summer floods,  
Oxus in summer wash them all away.'

He spoke : and Sohrab answer'd, on his feet :  
'Art thou so fierce? Thou wilt not fright me so.  
I am no girl, to be made pale by words.  
Yet this thou hast said well, did Rustum stand  
Here on this field, there were no fighting then  
But Rustum is far hence, and we stand here.  
Begin : thou art more vast, more dread than I,  
And thou art proved, I know, and I am young—  
But yet success sways with the breath of Heaven.  
And though thou thinkest that thou knowest sure  
Thy victory, yet thou canst not surely know.  
For we are all, like swimmers in the sea,  
Pois'd on the top of a huge wave of Fate,  
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall  
And whether it will heave us up to land,  
Or whether it will roll us out to sea,  
Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death,  
We know not, and no search will make us know :  
Only the event will teach us in its hour.'

He spoke ; and Rustum answer'd not, but hurl'd  
His spear : down from the shoulder, down it came,

As on some partridge in the corn a hawk  
That long has tower'd in the airy clouds  
Drops like a plummet : Sohrab saw it come,  
And sprang aside, quick as a flash : the spear  
Hiss'd, and went quivering down into the sand,  
Which it sent flying wide :—then Sohrab threw  
In turn, and full struck Rustum's shield : sharp rang,  
The iron plates rang sharp, but turn'd the spear.  
And Rustum seiz'd his club, which none but he  
Could wield : an unlopp'd trunk it was, and huge,  
Still rough ; like those which men in treeless plains  
To build them boats fish from the flooded rivers,  
Hyphasis or Hydaspes, when, high up  
By their dark springs, the wind in winter-time  
Has made in Himalayan forests wrack,  
And strewn the channels with torn boughs ; so huge  
The club which Rustum lifted now, and struck  
One stroke ; but again Sohrab sprang aside  
Lithe as the glancing snake, and the club came  
Thundering to earth, and leapt from Rustum's hand.  
And Rustum follow'd his own blow, and fell  
To his knees, and with his fingers clutched the sand .  
And now might Sohrab have unsheath'd his sword,  
And pierc'd the mighty Rustum while he lay  
Dizzy, and on his knees, and chok'd with sand :  
But he look'd on, and smil'd, nor bar'd his sword,  
But courteously drew back, and spoke, and said .—

‘Thou strik'st too hard ; that club of thine will float  
Upon the summer floods, and not my bones  
But rise, and be not wroth ; not wroth am I :  
No, when I see thee, wrath forsakes my soul.

Thou say'st thou art not Rustum : be it so.  
Who art thou, then, that canst so touch my soul ?  
Boy as I am, I have seen battles too ;  
Have waded foremost in their bloody waves,  
And heard their hollow roar of dying men ,  
But never was my heart thus touch'd before.  
Are they from Heaven, these softening of the heart ?  
O thou old warrior, let us yield to Heaven !  
Come, plant we here in earth our angry spears,  
And make a truce, and sit upon this sand,  
And pledge each other in red wine, like friends,  
And thou shalt talk to me of Rustum's deeds.  
There are enough foes in the Persian host  
Whom I may meet, and strike, and feel no pang ,  
Champions enough Afrasiab has, whom thou  
Mayst fight , fight them, when they confront thy spear,  
But oh, let there be peace 'twixt thee and me !'

He ceas'd . but while he spake, Rustum had risen  
And stood erect, trembling with rage , his club  
He left to lie, but had regain'd his spear,  
Whose fiery point now in his mail'd right hand  
Blaz'd bright and baleful, like that autumn star,  
The baleful sign of fevers : dust had soil'd  
His stately crest, and dimm'd his glittering arms.  
His breast heav'd , his lips foam'd , and twice his voice  
Was chok'd with rage: at last these words broke way —

' Girl ! nimble with thy feet, not with thy hands !  
Curl'd minion, dancer, corner of sweet words !  
Fight ; let me hear thy hateful voice no more !  
Thou art not in Afrasiab's gardens now

With Tartar girls, with whom thou art wont to dance ;  
But on the Oxus sands, and in the dance  
Of battle, and with me, who make no play  
Of war : I fight it out, and hand to hand.  
Speak not to me of truce, and pledge, and wine !  
Remember all thy valour : try thy feints  
And cunning all the pity I had is gone :  
Because thou hast sham'd me before both the hosts  
With thy light skipping tricks, and thy girl's wiles.'

He spoke ; and Sohrab kindled at his taunts,  
And he too drew his sword : at once they rush'd  
Together, as two eagles on one prey  
Come rushing down together from the clouds,  
One from the east, one from the west . their shields  
Dash'd with a clang together, and a din  
Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters  
Make often in the forest's heart at morn,  
Of hewing axes, crashing trees ; such blows  
Rustum and Sohrab on each other hail'd.  
And you would say that sun and stars took part  
In that unnatural conflict ; for a cloud  
Grew suddenly in Heaven, and dark'd the sun  
Over the fighters' heads ; and a wind rose  
Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,  
And in a sandy whirlwind wrapp'd the pair.  
In gloom they twain were wrapp'd, and they alone ,  
For both the onlooking hosts on either hand  
Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pure,  
And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream.  
But in the gloom they fought, with bloodshot eyes  
And labouring breath , first Rustum struck the shield

Which Sohrab held stiff out · the steel-spiked spear  
Rent the tough plates, but fail'd to reach the skin,  
And Rustum pluck'd it back with angry groan.  
Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustum's helm,  
Nor clove its steel quite through ; but all the crest  
He shore away, and that proud horsehair plume,  
Never till now defil'd, sunk to the dust ;  
And Rustum bow'd his head , but there the gloom  
Grew blacker : thunder rumbled in the air,  
And lightnings rent the cloud ; and Ruksh, the horse,  
Who stood at hand, utter'd a dreadful cry :  
No horse's cry was that, most like the roar  
Of some pain'd desert lion, who all day  
Has trail'd the hunter's javelin in his side,  
And comes at night to die upon the sand —  
The two hosts heard that cry, and quak'd for fear,  
And Oxus curdled as it cross'd his stream.  
But Sohrab heard, and quail'd not, but rushed on,  
And struck again ; and again Rustum bow'd  
His head ; but this time all the blade, like glass,  
Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm,  
And in his hand the hilt remain'd alone.

Then Rustum rais'd his head : his dreadful eyes  
Glar'd, and he shook on high his menacing spear,  
And shouted '*Rustum !*' Sohrab heard that shout,  
And shrank amaz'd : back he recoil'd one step,  
And scann'd with blinking eyes the advancing form :  
And then he stood bewilder'd ; and he dropp'd  
His covering shield, and the spear pierced his side.  
He reel'd, and staggering back, sunk to the ground.  
And then the gloom dispers'd, and the wind fell,



*Then the gloom grew blacker.*

And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all  
The cloud ; and the two armies saw the pair ;  
Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet,  
And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand

Then, with a bitter smile, Rustum began :—  
‘ Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill  
A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse,  
And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab’s tent.  
Or else that the great Rustum would come down  
Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would move  
His heart to take a gift, and let thee go.  
And then that all the Tartar host would praise  
Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy fame,  
To glad thy father in his weak old age.  
Fool ! thou art slain, and by an unknown man  
Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be,  
Than to thy friends, and to thy father old.’

And, with a fearless mien, Sohrab replied :—  
‘ Unknown thou art ; yet thy fierce vaunt is vain,  
Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man.  
No ! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart ;  
For were I match’d with ten such men as thou,  
And I were he who till to-day I was,  
They should be lying here, I standing there.  
But that beloved name unnerv’d my arm—  
That name, and something, I confess, in thee,  
Which troubles all my heart, and made my shield  
Fall ; and thy spear transfix’d an unarm’d foe.  
And now thou boastest, and insult’st my fate.  
But hear thou this, fierce man, tremble to hear !



## SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death !  
My father, whom I seek through all the world,  
He shall avenge my death, and punish thee !'

As when some hunter in the spring hath found  
A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,  
Upon the craggy isle of a hill lake,  
And pierc'd her with an arrow as she rose,  
And follow'd her to find her where she fell  
Far off ;—anon her mate comes winging back  
From hunting, and a great way off describes  
His huddling young left sole ; at that, he checks  
His pinion, and, with short, uneasy sweeps  
Circles above his eyry, with loud screams  
Chiding his mate back to her nest ; but she  
Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,  
In some far stony gorge out of his ken,  
A heap of fluttering feathers . never more  
Shall the lake glass her, flying over it ;  
Never the black and dripping precipices  
Echo her stormy scream as she sails by —  
As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his loss—  
So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood  
Over his dying son, and knew him not.

But with a cold, incredulous voice, he said :—  
' What prate is this of fathers and revenge ?  
The mighty Rustum never had a son.'

And, with a failing voice, Sohrab replied :—  
' Ah yes, he had ' and that lost son am I.  
Surely the news will one day reach his ear,

Reach Rustum, where he sits, and tarries long,  
Somewhere, I know not where, but far from here;  
And pierce him like a stab, and make him leap  
To arms, and cry for vengeance upon thee.  
Fierce man, bethink thee, for an only son!  
What will that grief, what will that vengeance be!  
Oh, could I live, till I that grief had seen!  
Yet him I pity not so much, but her,  
My mother, who in Ader-baijan dwells  
With that old King, her father, who grows grey  
With age, and rules over the valiant Koords.  
Her most I pity, who no more will see  
Sohrab returning from the Tartar camp,  
With spoils and honour, when the war is done,  
But a dark rumour will be bruited up,  
From tribe to tribe, until it reach her ear;  
And then will that defenceless woman learn  
That Sohrab will rejoice her sight no more:  
But that in battle with a nameless foe,  
By the far distant Oxus, he is slain.'

He spoke; and as he ceas'd he wept aloud,  
Thinking of her he left, and his own death.  
He spoke; but Rustum listen'd, plung'd in thought.  
Nor did he yet believe it was his son  
Who spoke, although he call'd back names he knew;  
For he had had sure tidings that the babe,  
Which was in Ader-baijan born to him,  
Had been a puny girl, no boy at all:  
So that sad mother sent him word, for fear  
Rustum should take the boy, to train in arms;  
And so he deem'd that either Sohrab took,

By a false boast, the style of Rustum's son ;  
Or that men gave it him, to swell his fame.  
So deem'd he ; yet he listen'd, plung'd in thought ;  
And his soul set to grief, as the vast tide  
Of the bright rocking ocean sets to shore  
At the full moon : tears gather'd in his eyes ;  
For he remember'd his own early youth,  
And all its bounding rapture ; as, at dawn,  
The Shepherd from his mountain lodge descries  
A far bright City, smitten by the sun,  
Through many rolling clouds ;—so Rustum saw  
His youth, saw Sohrab's mother, in her bloom ;  
And that old King, her father, who lov'd well  
His wandering guest, and gave him his fair child  
With joy ; and all the pleasant life they led,  
They three, in that long-distant summer-time—  
The castle, and the dewy woods, and hunt  
And hound, and morn on those delightful hills  
In Ader-baijan. And he saw that Youth,  
Of age and looks to be his own dear son,  
Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand,  
Like some rich hyacinth, which by the scythe  
Of an unskilful gardener has been cut,  
Mowing the garden grass-plots near its bed,  
And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom,  
On the mown, dying grass,—so Sohrab lay,  
Lovely in death, upon the common sand.  
And Rustum gaz'd on him with grief, and said :—

‘ O Sohrab, thou indeed art such a son  
Whom Rustum, wert thou his, might well have lov'd !  
Yet here thou errest, Sohrab, or else men

Have told thee false ;—thou art not Rustum's son.  
For Rustum had no son : one child he had—  
But one—a girl ; who with her mother now  
Plies some light female task, nor dreams of us—  
Of us she dreams not, nor of wounds, nor war.'

But Sohrab answer'd him in wrath ; for now  
The anguish of the deep-fix'd spear grew fierce,  
And he desired to draw forth the steel,  
And let the blood flow free, and so to die,  
But first he would convince his stubborn foe—  
And, rising sternly on one arm, he said .—

'Man, who art thou who dost deny my words?  
Truth sits upon the lips of dying men,  
And Falsehood, while I liv'd, was far from mine.  
I tell thee, prick'd upon this arm I bear  
That seal which Rustum to my mother gave,  
That she might prick it on the babe she bore '

He spoke : and all the blood left Rustum's cheeks ;  
And his knees totter'd, and he smote his hand  
Against his breast, his heavy mailèd hand,  
That the hard iron corslet clank'd aloud :  
And to his heart he pressed the other hand,  
And in a hollow voice he spake, and said :—

'Sohrab, that were a proof which could not lie ;  
If thou show this, then art thou Rustum's son.'

Then with weak, hasty fingers, Sohrab loos'd  
His belt, and near the shoulder bar'd his arm,

And show'd a sign in faint vermilion points  
Prick'd : as a cunning workman, in Pekin,  
Pricks with vermilion some clear porcelain vase,  
An emperor's gift—at early morn he paints,  
And all day long, and when night comes, the lamp  
Lights up his studious forehead and thin hands :—  
So delicately prick'd the sign appear'd  
On Sohrab's arm, the sign of Rustum's seal.  
It was that Griffin, which of old rear'd Zal,  
Rustum's great father, whom they left to die,  
A helpless babe, among the mountain rocks.  
Him that kind creature found, and rear'd, and lov'd—  
Then Rustum took it for his glorious sign.  
And Sohrab bared that figure on his arm,  
And himself scann'd it long with mournful eyes,  
And then he touch'd it with his hand and said :—

‘How say'st thou? Is that sign the proper sign  
Of Rustum's son, or of some other man's?’

He spoke : but Rustum gaz'd, and gaz'd, and stood  
Speechless, and then he utter'd one short cry—  
*O Boy—thy Father!*—and his voice chok'd there.  
And then a dark cloud pass'd before his eyes,  
And his head swam, and he sunk down to earth.  
But Sohrab crawl'd to where he lay, and cast  
His arms about his neck, and kiss'd his lips,  
And with fond faltering fingers strok'd his cheeks,  
Trying to call him back to life : and life  
Came back to Rustum, and he op'd his eyes,  
And they stood wide with horror ; and he seiz'd  
In both his hands the dust which lay around,

And threw it on his head, and smirch'd his hair,  
His hair, and face, and beard, and glittering arms :  
And strong convulsive groanings shook his breast,  
And his sobs chok'd him ; and he clutch'd his sword,  
To draw it, and for ever let life out.  
But Sohrab saw his thought, and held his hands,  
And with a soothing voice he spoke, and said :—

‘ Father, forbear : for I but meet to-day  
The doom that at my birth was written down  
In Heaven, and thou art Heaven’s unconscious hand.  
Surely my heart cried out that it was thou,  
When first I saw thee ; and thy heart spoke too,  
I know it : but Fate trod those promptings down  
Under its iron heel ; Fate, Fate engag’d  
The strife, and hurl’d me on my father’s spear  
But let us speak no more of this : I find  
My father , let me feel that I have found.  
Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take  
My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks,  
And wash them with thy tears, and say, “ My son ! ”  
Quick ! quick ! for number’d are my sands of life,  
And swift , for like the lightning to this field  
I came, and like the wind I go away—  
Sudden, and swift, and like a passing wind.  
But it was writ in Heaven that this should be.’

So said he : and his voice releas’d the heart  
Of Rustum, and his tears broke forth , he cast  
His arms around his son’s neck, and wept aloud,  
And kiss’d him. And awe fell on both the hosts  
When they saw Rustum’s grief : and Ruksh, the horse

With his head bowing to the ground, and mane  
Sweeping the dust, came near, and in mute woe  
First to the one then to the other mov'd  
His head, as if enquiring what their grief  
Might mean, and from his dark, compassionate eyes,  
The big warm tears roll'd down, and cak'd the sand.  
But Rustum chid him with stern voice, and said :—

‘Ruksh, now thou grievest ; but, O Ruksh, thy feet  
Should then have rotted on thy nimble joints,  
When first they bore thy Master to this field.’

But Sohrab looked upon the horse and said :—  
‘Is this then Ruksh ? How often, in past days,  
My mother told me of thee, thou brave steed !  
My terrible father's terrible horse ; and said,  
That I should one day find thy lord and thee.  
Come, let me lay my hand upon thy mane.  
O Ruksh, thou art more fortunate than I,  
For thou hast gone where I shall never go,  
And snuff'd the breezes of my father's home.  
And thou hast trod the sands of Seistan,  
And seen the River of Helmund, and the Lake  
Of Zirrah ; and the aged Zai himself  
Has often strok'd thy neck, and given thee food,  
Corn in a golden platter soak'd with wine,  
And said—“O Ruksh ! bear Rustum well !”—but I  
Have never known my grandsire's furrow'd face,  
Nor seen his lofty house in Seistan,  
Nor slak'd my thirst at the clear Helmund stream :  
But lodg'd among my father's foes, and seen  
Afrasiab's cities only, Samarcand,

Bokhara, and lone Khiva in the waste,  
And the black Toorkmun tents; and only drunk  
The desert rivers, Moorghab and Tejend,  
Kohik, and where the Kalmuks feed their sheep,  
The northern Sir; and this great Oxus stream—  
The yellow Oxus, by whose brink I die.’

And, with a heavy groan, Rustum replied :—  
‘Oh that its waves were flowing over me,  
Oh that I saw its grains of yellow silt  
Roll tumbling in the current o’er my head !’

And, with a grave mild voice, Sohrab replied :—  
‘Desire not that, my father; thou must live.  
For some are born to do great deeds, and live,  
As some are born to be obscur’d, and die  
Do thou the deeds I die too young to do,  
And reap a second glory in thine age.  
Thou art my father, and thy gain is mine.  
But come: thou seest this great host of men  
Which follow me; I pray thee, slay not these:  
Let me entreat for them: what have they done?  
They follow’d me, my hope, my fame, my star  
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.  
But me thou must bear hence, not send with them,  
But carry me with thee to Seistan,  
And place me on a bed, and mourn for me,  
Thou, and the snow-hair’d Zal, and all thy friends.  
And thou must lay me in that lovely earth,  
And heap a stately mound above my bones,  
And plant a far-seen pillar over all:  
That so the passing horseman on the waste



## SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

May see my tomb a great way off, and say—  
*Sohrab, the mighty Rustum's son, lies there,*  
*Whom his great father did in ignorance kill—*  
And I be not forgotten in my grave.'

And, with a mournful voice, Rustum replied :—  
' Fear not ; as thou hast said, Sohrab, my son,  
So shall it be : for I will burn my tents,  
And quit the host, and bear thee hence with me,  
And carry thee away to Seistan,  
And place thee on a bed, and mourn for thee,  
With the snow-headed Zal, and all my friends.  
And I will lay thee in that lovely earth,  
And heap a stately mound above thy bones,  
And plant a far-seen pillar over all .  
And men shall not forget thee in thy grave.  
And I will spare thy host : yea, let them go :  
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.  
What should I do with slaying any more ?  
For would that all whom I have ever slain  
Might be once more alive , my bitterest foes,  
And they who were call'd champions in their time  
And through whose death I won that fame I have  
And I were nothing but a common man,  
A poor, mean soldier, and without renown ;  
So thou mightest live too, my son, my son !  
Or rather would that I, even I myself,  
Might now be lying on this bloody sand,  
Near death, and by an ignorant stroke of thine,  
Not thou of mine , and I might die, not thou ,  
And I, not thou, be borne to Seistan ;  
And Zal might weep above my grave, not thine ;

And say—*O son, I weep thee not too sore  
For willingly, I know, thou met'st thine end.*—  
But now in blood and battles was my youth,  
And full of blood and battles is my age;  
And I shall never end this life of blood.'

Then, at the point of death, Sohrab replied :—  
'A life of blood indeed, thou dreadful man;  
But thou shalt yet have peace; only not now,  
Not yet: but thou shalt have it on that day,  
When thou shalt sail in a high-masted ship,  
Thou and the other peers of Kai-Khosroo,  
Returning home over the salt blue sea.'

And Rustum gaz'd on Sohrab's face, and said :—  
'Soon be that day, my son, and deep that sea!  
Till then, if Fate so wills, let me endure.'

He spoke; and Sohrab smil'd on him, and took  
The spear, and drew it from his side, and eas'd  
His wound's imperious anguish: but the blood  
Came welling from the open gash, and lite  
Flow'd with the stream: all down his cold white side  
The crimson torrent ran, dim now, and soil'd,  
Like the soil'd tissue of white violets  
Left, freshly gather'd, on their native bank,  
By romping children, whom their nurses call  
From the hot fields at noon: his head droop'd low,  
His limbs grew slack; motionless, white, he lay—  
White, with eyes clos'd; only when heavy gasps,  
Deep, heavy gasps, quivering through all his frame,  
Convuls'd him back to life, he open'd them,

And fix'd them feebly on his father's face :  
Till now all strength was ebb'd, and from his limbs  
Unwillingly the spirit fled away,  
Regretting the warm mansion which it left,  
And youth and bloom, and this delightful world.

So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead.  
And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak  
Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son.  
As those black granite pillars, once high-rear'd  
By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear  
His house, now, 'mid their broken flights of steps,  
Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side—  
So in the sand Rustum lay by his son.

And night came down over the solemn waste,  
And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,  
And darken'd all; and a cold fog, with night,  
Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,  
As of a great assembly loos'd, and fires  
Began to twinkle through the fog; for now  
Both armies mov'd to camp, and took their meal:  
The Persians took it on the open sands  
Southward; the Tartars by the river marge:  
And Rustum and his son were left alone.

But the majestic river floated on,  
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,  
Into the frosty starlight, and there mov'd,  
Rejoicing, through the hush'd Chorasman waste,  
Under the solitary moon: he flow'd  
Right for the Polar Star, past Orgunje,  
Brimming, and bright, and large: then sands begin

To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,  
 And split his currents ; that for many a league  
 The shorn and parcell'd Oxus strains along  
 Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—  
 Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had  
 In his high mountain cradle in Pamere,  
 A foil'd circuitous wanderer —till at last  
 The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and wide  
 His luminous home of waters opens, bright  
 And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bath'd stars  
 Emerge and shine upon the Aral Sea.

### TRISTRAM AND ISEULT<sup>1</sup>

#### I

#### TRISTRAM

#### *Tristram*

Is she not come? The messenger was sure.  
 Prop me upon the pillows once again—  
 Raise me, my page! this cannot long endure.  
 —Heaven, what a night! how the sleet whips the  
     pane!

What lights will those out to the northward be?

<sup>1</sup> This is the tale of a piteous misfortune which befell the Princess Iseult of Ireland and King Arthur's brave knight Tristram of Lyonesse, and of the effect which it had upon their lives. The details of the story can be readily picked out from the poem itself.

## TRISTRAM AND ISEULT

*The Page*

The lanterns of the fishing-boats at sea.

*Tristram*

Soft—who is that, stands by the dying fire?

*The Page*

Iseult.

*Tristram*

Ah ! not the Iseult I desire.

What Knight is this so weak and pale,  
Though the locks are yet brown on his noble  
Propt on pillows in his bed,  
Gazing seaward for the light  
Of some ship that fights the gale  
On this wild December night?  
Over the sick man's feet is spread  
A dark green forest-dress :  
A gold harp leans against the bed,  
Ruddy in the fire's light.  
I know him by his harp of gold,  
Famous in Arthur's court of old ;  
I know him by his forest-dress—  
The peerless hunter, harper, knight,  
Tristram of Lyonesse.

What Lady is this, whose silk attire  
Gleams so rich in the light of the fire?  
The ringlets on her shoulders lying  
In their flitting lustre vying  
With the clasp of burnish'd gold  
Which her heavy robe doth hold.

Her looks are mild, her fingers slight  
As the driven snow are white ;  
But her cheeks are sunk and pale  
Is it that the bleak sea-gale  
Beating from the Atlantic sea  
On this coast of Brittany,  
Nips too keenly the sweet flower ?  
Is it that a sweet fatigue  
Hath come on her, a chilly fear,  
Passing all her youthful hour  
Spinning with her maidens here,  
Listlessly through the window-bars  
Gazing seawards many a league,  
From her lonely shore-built tower,  
While the knights are at the wars ?  
Or, perhaps, has her young heart  
Felt already some deeper smart,  
Of those that in secret the heart-strings rive,  
Leaving her sunk and pale, though fair ?  
Who is this snowdrop by the sea ?—  
I know her by her mildness rare,  
Her snow-white hands, her golden hair ;  
I know her by her rich silk dress,  
And her fragile loveliness—  
The sweetest Christian soul alive,  
Iseult of Brittany.

Iseult of Brittany ?—but where  
Is that other Iseult fair,  
That proud, first Iseult, Cornwall's queen ?  
She, whom Tristram's ship of yore  
From Ireland to Cornwall bore,

## TRISTRAM AND ISEULT

To Tyntagel, to the side  
Of King Marc, to be his bride ?  
She who, as they voyaged, quaff'd  
With Tristram that spiced magic draught,  
Which since then for ever rolls  
Through their blood, and binds their souls,  
Working love, but working teen ?—  
There were two Iseults who did sway  
Each her hour of Tristram's day,  
But one possess'd his waning time,  
The other his resplendent prime  
Behold her here, the patient flower,  
Who possess'd his darker hour !  
Iseult of the Snow-White Hand  
Watches pale by Tristram's bed.  
She is here who had his gloom,  
Where art thou who hadst his bloom ?  
Does the love-draught work no more ?  
Art thou cold, or false, or dead,  
Iseult of Ireland ?

. . . . .  
Loud howls the wind, sharp patters the rain,  
And the knight sinks back on his pillows ag-  
He is weak with fever and pain,  
And his spirit is not clear  
Hark ! he mutters in his sleep,  
As he wanders far from here,  
Changes place and time of year.  
And his closed eye doth sweep  
O'er some fair unwintry sea,  
Not this fierce Atlantic deep,  
While he mutters brokenly :—

*Tristram*

The calm sea shines, loose hang the vessel's sails;  
 Before us are the sweet green fields of Wales,  
 And overhead the cloudless sky of May —

*' Ah, would I were in those green fields at play,  
 Not pent on ship-board this delicious day '*

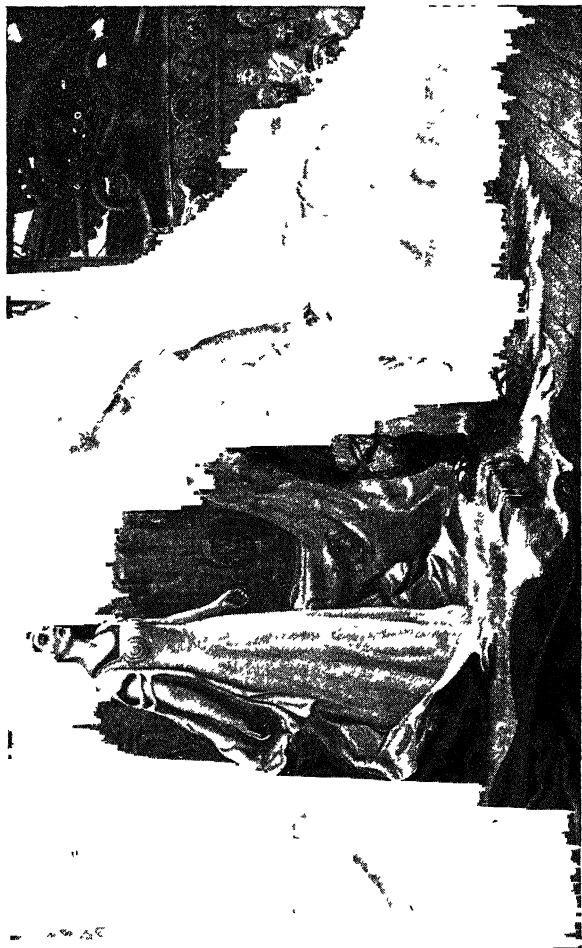
*Tristram, I pray thee, of thy courtesy,  
 Reach me my golden phial stands by thee,  
 But pledge me in it first for courtesy —'*

Ha! dost thou start? are thy lips blanch'd like  
 mine?

Child, 'tis no true draught this, 'tis poison'd wine!  
 Iseult! . . .

Ah, sweet angels, let him dream!  
 Keep his eyelids! let him seem  
 Not this fever-wasted wight  
 Thinn'd and paled before his time,  
 But the brilliant youthful knight  
 In the glory of his prime,  
 Sitting in the gilded barge,  
 At thy side, thou lovely charge,  
 Bending gaily o'er thy hand,  
 Iseult of Ireland!  
 And she too, that princess fair  
 If her bloom be now less rare,  
 Let her have her youth again—  
 Let her be as she was then!  
 Let her have her proud dark eyes,  
 And her petulant quick replies—  
 Let her sweep her dazzling hand  
 With its gesture of command,





*'Pledge me in my golden cup,'*

And shake back her raven hair  
With the old imperious air '  
As of old, so let her be,  
That first Iseult, princess bright,  
Chatting with her youthful knight  
As he steers her o'er the sea,  
Quitting at her father's will  
The green isle where she was bred,  
And her bower in Ireland,  
For the surge-beat Cornish strand ;  
Where the prince whom she must wed  
Dwells on loud Tyntagel's hill,  
High above the sounding sea.  
And that potion rare her mother  
Gave her, that her future lord,  
Gave her, that King Marc and she,  
Might drink it on their marriage-day,  
And for ever love each other—  
Let her, as she sits on board,  
Ah, sweet saints, unwittingly !  
See it shine, and take it up,  
And to Tristram laughing say :  
' Sir Tristram, of thy courtesy,  
Pledge me in my golden cup ! '  
Let them drink it—let their hands  
Tremble, and their cheeks be flame,  
As they feel the fatal bands  
Of a love they dare not name,  
With a wild delicious pain,  
Twine about their hearts again !  
Let the early summer be  
Once more round them, and the sea

Blue, and o'er its mirror kind  
Let the breath of the May-wind,  
Wandering through their drooping sails,  
Die on the green fields of Wales!  
Let a dream like this restore  
What his eye must see no more!

*Tristram*

Chill blows the wind, the pleasaunce-walks are  
drear—

Madcap, what jest was this, to meet me here?  
Were feet like those made for so wild a way?  
The southern winter-parlour, by my fay,  
Had been the likeliest trysting-place to-day!  
' *Tristram!*—*nay, nay—thou must not take my*  
*hand!*—

*Tristram!*—*sweet love!*—*we are betray'd—out-*  
*plann'd*

*Fly—save thyself—save me!*—*I dare not stay.*'—

Ah! sweet saints, his dream doth move  
Faster surely than it should,  
From the fever in his blood!  
All the spring-time of his love  
Is already gone and past,  
And instead thereof is seen  
Its winter, which endureth still—  
Tyntagel on its surge-beat hill,  
The pleasaunce-walks, the weeping queen,  
And this rough December-night,  
And his burning fever-pain,

Mingle with his hurrying dream,  
Till they rule it, till he seem  
The press'd fugitive again,  
The love-desperate banish'd knight  
With a fire in his brain  
Flying o'er the stormy main  
—Whither does he wander now?  
Haply in his dreams the wind  
Wafts him here, and lets him find  
The lovely orphan child again  
In her castle by the coast,  
The youngest, fairest chateleine,  
Whom this realm of France can boast,  
Our snowdrop by the Atlantic sea,  
Iseult of Brittany.  
And—for through the haggard air,  
The stain'd arms, the matted hair  
Of that stranger-knight ill-starr'd,  
There gleam'd something, which recall'd  
The Tristram who in better days  
Was Launcelot's guest at Joyous Gard—  
Welcomed here, and here install'd,  
Tended of his fever here,  
Haply he seems again to move  
His young guardian's heart with love;  
In his exiled loneliness,  
In his stately, deep distress,  
Without a word, without a tear.  
—Ah! 'tis well he should retrace  
His tranquil life in this lone place;  
His gentle bearing at the side  
Of his timid youthful bride;

His long rambles by the shore  
On winter-evenings, when the roar  
Of the near waves came, sadly grand,  
Through the dark, up the drown'd sand,  
Or his endless reveries  
In the woods, where the gleams play  
On the grass under the trees,  
Passing the long summer's day,  
Idle as a mossy stone  
In the forest-depths alone,  
The chase neglected, and his hound  
Couch'd beside him on the ground.  
—Ah! what trouble's on his brow?  
Hither let him wander now;  
Hither, to the quiet hours  
Pass'd among those heaths of ours  
By the grey Atlantic sea;  
Hours, if not of ecstasy,  
From violent anguish surely free!

*Tristram*

All red with blood the whirling river flows,  
The wide plain rings, the dazed air throbs with blows  
Upon us are the chivalry of Rome—  
Their spears are down, their steeds are bathed in foam.  
'Up, Tristram, up,' men cry, 'thou moonstruck knight!  
What foul fiend rides thee? On into the fight!'  
—Above the din her voice is in my ears;  
I see her form glide through the crossing spears —  
Iseult! . . .

. . . . .  
Ah! he wanders forth again;  
We cannot keep him; now, as then,

There's a secret in his breast  
Which will never let him rest.  
These musing fits in the green wood  
They cloud the brain, they dull the blood—  
—His sword is sharp, his horse is good ;  
Beyond the mountains will he see  
The famous towns of Italy,  
And label with the blessed sign  
The heathen Saxons on the Rhine.  
At Arthur's side he fights once more  
With the Roman Emperor.  
There's many a gay knight where he goes  
Will help him to forget his care ,  
The march, the leaguer, Heaven's blithe  
The neighing steeds, the ringing blows—  
Sick pining comes not where these are.  
Ah ! what boots it, that the jest  
Lightens every other brow,  
What, that every other breast  
Dances as the trumpets blow,  
If one's own heart beats not light  
On the waves of the toss'd fight,  
If oneself cannot get free  
From the clog of misery ?  
Thy lovely youthful wife grows pale  
Watching by the salt sea-tide  
With her children at her side  
For the gleam of thy white sail.  
Home, Tristram, to thy halls again !  
To our lonely sea complain,  
To our forests tell thy pain !

*Tristram*

All round the forest sweeps off, black in shade,  
But it is moonlight in the open glade ;  
And in the bottom of the glade shine clear  
The forest-chapel and the fountain near.  
—I think, I have a fever in my blood ;  
Come, let me leave the shadow of this wood,  
Ride down, and bathe my hot brow in the flood.  
—Mild shines the cold spring in the moon's clear light !  
God ! 'tis *her* face plays in the water bright.  
'Fair love,' she says, 'canst thou forget so soon,  
At this soft hour, under this sweet moon ?'—  
Iseult ! . . .

Ah, poor soul ! if this be so,  
Only death can balm thy woe.  
The solitudes of the green wood  
Had no medicine for thy mood ;  
The rushing battle clear'd thy blood  
As little as did solitude.  
—Ah ! his eyelids slowly break  
Their hot seals, and let him wake ;  
What new change shall we now see ?  
A happier ? Worse it cannot be.

*Tristram*

Is my page here ? Come, turn me to the fire !  
Upon the window-panes the moon shines bright ;  
The wind is down—but she'll not come to-night.  
Ah no ! she is asleep in Cornwall now,  
Far hence ; her dreams are fair—smooth is her brow ;  
Of me she recks not, nor my vain desire.

—I have had dreams, I have had dreams, my page,  
Would take a score years from a strong man's age,  
And with a blood like mine, will leave, I fear,  
Scant leisure for a second messenger.

—My princess, art thou there? Sweet! do not wait!  
To bed, and sleep! my fever is gone by;  
To-night my page shall keep me company.  
Where do the children sleep? kiss them for me!  
Poor child, thou art almost as pale as I;  
This comes of nursing long and watching late.  
To bed—good night!

She left the gleam-lit fireplace,  
She came to the bed-side;  
She took his hands in hers—her tears  
Down on his wasted fingers rain'd.  
She raised her eyes upon his face—  
Not with a look of wounded pride,  
A look as if the heart complained—  
Her look was like a sad embrace;  
The gaze of one who can divine  
A grief, and sympathise.  
Sweet flower! thy children's eyes  
Are not more innocent than thine.

But they sleep in shelter'd rest,  
Like helpless birds in the warm nest,  
On the castle's southern side;  
Where feebly comes the mournful roar  
Of buffeting wind and surging tide  
Through many a room and corridor.  
—Full on their window the moon's ray  
Makes their chamber as bright as day.



## TRISTRAM AND ISEULT

It shines upon the blank white walls,  
And on the snowy pillow falls,  
And on two angel-heads doth play  
Turn'd to each other—the eyes closed,  
The lashes on the cheeks reposed.  
Round each sweet brow the cap close-set  
Hardly lets peep the golden hair ;  
Through the soft-open'd lips the air  
Scarcely moves the coverlet.  
One little wandering arm is thrown  
At random on the counterpane,  
And often the fingers closed in haste  
As if their baby-owner chased  
The butterflies again.  
This stir they have, and this alone ;  
But else they are so still !  
—Ah, tired madcaps ! you lie still ;  
But were you at the window now,  
To look forth on the fairy sight  
Of your illumined haunts by night,  
To see the park-glades where you play  
Far lovelier than they are by day,  
To see the sparkle on the eaves,  
And upon every giant-bough  
Of those old oaks, whose wet red leaves  
Are jewell'd with bright drops of rain—  
How would your voices run again !  
And far beyond the sparkling trees  
Of the castle-park one sees  
The bare heaths spreading, clear as day,  
Moor behind moor, far, far away,  
Into the heart of Brittany.

And here and there, lock'd by the land,  
 Long inlets of smooth glittering sea,  
 And many a stretch of watery sand  
 All shining in the white moon-beams—  
 But you see fairer in your dreams !

What voices are these on the clear night-air ?  
 What lights in the court—what steps on the stair ?

## II

## ISEULT OF IRELAND

*Tristram*

RAISE the light, my page ! that I may see her —  
 Thou art come at last, then, haughty Queen !  
 Long I've waited, long I've fought my fever ;  
 Late thou comest, cruel thou hast been.

*Iseult*

Blame me not, poor sufferer ! that I tarried ;  
 Bound I was, I could not break the band.  
 Chide not with the past, but feel the present !  
 I am here—we meet—I hold thy hand.

*Tristram*

Thou art come, indeed—thou hast rejoin'd me ;  
 Thou hast dared it—but too late to save  
 Fear not now that men should tax thine honour !  
 I am dying : build—(thou may'st)—my grave !

*Iseult*

Tristram, ah, for love of Heaven, speak kindly !  
 What, I hear these bitter words from thee ?  
 Sick with grief I am, and faint with travel—  
 Take my hand—dear Tristram, look on me !

*Tristram*

I forgot, thou comest from thy voyage—  
Yes, the spray is on thy cloak and hair.  
But thy dark eyes are not dimm'd, proud Iseult !  
And thy beauty never was more fair.

*Iseult*

Ah, harsh flatterer ! let alone my beauty !  
I, like thee, have left my youth afar.  
Take my hand, and touch these wasted fingers—  
See my cheek and lips, how white they are !

*Tristram*

Thou art paler—but thy sweet charm, Iseult !  
Would not fade with the dull years away.  
Ah, how fair thou standest in the moonlight !  
I forgive thee, Iseult !—thou wilt stay ?

*Iseult*

Fear me not, I will be always with thee ;  
I will watch thee, tend thee, soothe thy pain ;  
Sing thee tales of true, long-parted lovers,  
Join'd at evening of their days again.

*Tristram*

No, thou shalt not speak ! I should be finding  
Something alter'd in thy courtly tone.  
Sit—sit by me ! I will think, we've lived so  
In the green wood, all our lives, alone

*Iseult*

Alter'd, Tristram? Not in courts, believe me,  
Love like mine is alter'd in the breast;  
Courtly life is light and cannot reach it—  
Ah! it lives, because so deep-suppress'd!

What, thou think'st men speak in courtly chambers  
Words by which the wretched are consoled?  
What, thou think'st this aching brow was cooler,  
Circled, Tristram, by a band of gold?

Royal state with Marc, my deep-wrong'd husband—  
That was bliss to make my sorrows flee!  
Silken courtiers whispering honied nothings—  
Those were friends to make me false to thee!

Ah, on which, if both our lots were balanced,  
Was indeed the heaviest burden thrown—  
Thee, a pining exile in thy forest,  
Me, a smiling queen upon my throne?

Vain and strange debate, where both have suffer'd  
Both have pass'd a youth consumed and sad,  
Both have brought their anxious day to evening,  
And have now short space for being glad!

Join'd we are henceforth; nor will thy people,  
Nor thy younger Iseult take it ill,  
That a former rival shares her office,  
When she sees her humbled, pale, and still.

I, a faded watcher by thy pillow,  
I, a statue on thy chapel-floor,  
Pour'd in prayer before the Virgin-Mother,  
Rouse no anger, make no rivals more.

She will cry : ' Is this the foe I dreaded ?  
This his idol ? this that royal bride ?  
Ah, an hour of health would purge his eyesight !  
Stay, pale queen ! for ever by my side.'

Hush, no words ! that smile, I see, forgives me.  
I am now thy nurse, I bid thee sleep.  
Close thine, eyes—this flooding moonlight blinds  
them !—  
Nay, all 's well again ! thou must not weep.

*Tristram*

I am happy ! yet I feel, there 's something  
Swells my heart, and takes my breath away.  
Through a mist I see thee , near—come nearer !  
Bend—bend down !—I yet have much to say

*Iseult*

Heaven ! his head sinks back upon the pillow—  
Tristram ! Tristram ! let thy heart not fail !  
Call on God and on the holy angels !  
What, love, courage !—Christ ! he is so pale.

*Tristram*

I am dying —Start not, nor look wildly !  
Me, thy living friend, thou canst not save.  
But, since living we were ununited,  
Go not far, O Iseult ! from my grave.

Close mine eyes, then seek the princess Iseult ;  
Speak her fair, she is of royal blood !  
Say, I will'd so, that thou stay beside me—  
She will grant it , she is kind and good.

Now to sail the seas of death I leave thee—  
One last kiss upon the living shore !

*Iseult*

Tristram ! — Tristram ! — stay — receive me with  
thee !

Iseult leaves thee, Tristram ! never more.

. . . . .  
You see them clear—the moon shines bright.  
Slow, slow and softly, where she stood,  
She sinks upon the ground ;—her hood  
Had fallen back ; her arms outspread  
Still held her lover's hand ; her head  
Is bow'd, half-buried, on the bed.  
O'er the blanch'd sheet her raven hair  
Lies in disorder'd streams ; and there,  
Strung like white stars, the pearls still are,  
And the golden bracelets, heavy and rare,  
Flash on her white arms still.  
The very same which yesternight  
Flash'd in the silver sconces' light,  
When the feast was gay and the laughter loud  
In Tyntagel's palace proud  
But then they deck'd a restless ghost  
With hot-flushed cheeks and brilliant eyes,  
And quivering lips on which the tide  
Of courtly speech abruptly died,  
And a glance which over the crowded floor,  
The dancers, and the festive host,  
Flew ever to the door.  
That the knights eyed her in surprise,  
And the dames whispered scoffingly :

## TRISTRAM AND ISEULT

'Her moods, good lack, they pass like show  
But yesternight and she would be  
As pale and still as wither'd flowers,  
And now to-night she laughs and speaks  
And has a colour in her cheeks ;  
Christ keep us from such fantasy !'—

Yes, now the longing is o'erpast,  
Which, dogg'd by fear and fought by shame,  
Shook her weak bosom day and night,  
Consumed her beauty like a flame,  
And dimm'd it like the desert-blast.  
And though the bed-clothes hide her face,  
Yet were it lifted to the light,  
The sweet expression of her brow  
Would charm the gazer, till his thought  
Erased the ravages of time,  
Fill'd up the hollow cheek, and brought  
A freshness back as of her prime—  
So healing is her quiet now.  
So perfectly the lines express  
A tranquil, settled loveliness,  
Her younger rival's purest grace

The air of the December-night  
Steals coldly around the chamber bright,  
Where those lifeless lovers be ;  
Swinging with it, in the light  
Flaps the ghostlike tapestry.  
And on the arras wrought you see  
A stately Huntsman clad in green,  
And round him a fresh-forest scene

On that clear forest-knoll he stays,  
With his pack round him, and delays.  
He stares and stares, with troubled face,  
At this huge, gleam-lit fireplace,  
At that bright, iron-figured door,  
And those blown rushes on the floor.  
He gazes down into the room  
With heated cheeks and flurried air,  
And to himself he seems to say :  
*' What place is this, and who are they ?  
Who is that kneeling Lady fair ?  
And on his pillows that pale Knight  
Who seems of marble on a tomb ?  
How comes it here, this chamber bright,  
Through whose mullion'd windows clear  
The castle-court all wet with rain,  
The drawbridge and the moat appear,  
And then the beach, and, mark'd with spray,  
The sunken reefs, and far away  
The unquiet bright Atlantic plain ?  
— What, has some glamour made me sleep,  
And sent me with my dogs to sweep,  
By night, with boisterous bugle-peal,  
Through some old, sea-side, knightly hall,  
Not in the free green wood at all ?  
That Knight's asleep, and at her prayer  
That Lady by the bed doth kneel—  
Then hush, thou boisterous bugle-peal ! '*  
— The wild boar rustles in his lair ;  
The fierce hounds snuff the tainted air ,  
But lords and hounds keep rooted there.



Cheer, cheer thy dogs into the brake,  
O Hunter ! and without a fear  
Thy golden-tasselled bugle blow,  
And through the glades thy pastime take—  
For thou wilt rouse no sleepers here !  
For these thou seest are unmoved ;  
Cold, cold as those who lived and loved  
A thousand years ago

## III

## ISEULT OF BRITTANY

A YEAR had flown, and o'er the sea away,  
In Cornwall, Tristram and Queen Iseult lay ;  
In King Marc's chapel, in Tyntagel old—  
There in a ship they bore those lovers cold.

The young surviving Iseult, one bright day,  
Had wander'd forth. Her children were at play  
In a green circular hollow in the heath  
Which borders the sea-shore—a country path  
Creeps over it from the till'd fields behind.  
The hollow's grassy banks are soft-inclined,  
And to one standing on them, far and near  
The lone unbroken view spreads bright and clear  
Over the waste. This cirque of open ground  
Is light and green ; the heather, which all round  
Creeps thickly, grows not here ; but the pale grass  
Is strewn with rocks, and many a shiver'd mass  
Of vein'd white-gleaming quartz, and here and there  
Dotted with holly-trees and juniper.

In the smooth centre of the opening stood  
Three hollies side by side, and made a screen,  
Warm with the winter-sun, of burnish'd green  
With scarlet berries gemm'd, the fell-fare's food.  
Under the glittering hollies Iseult stands,  
Watching her children play : their little hands  
Are busy gathering spars of quartz, and streams  
Of stagshorn for their hats ; anon, with screams  
Of mad delight they drop their spoils, and bound  
Among the holly-clumps and broken ground  
Racing full speed, and startling in their rush  
The fell-fares and the speckled missel-thrush  
Out of their glossy coverts ;—but when now  
Their cheeks were flush'd, and over each hot  
    brow,  
Under the feather'd hats of the sweet pair,  
In blinding masses shower'd the golden hair—  
Then Iseult call'd them to her, and the three  
Cluster'd under the holly-screen, and she  
Told them an old-world Breton history.

Warm in their mantles wrapt the three stood  
there,

Under the hollies, in the clear still air—  
Mantles with those rich furs deep glistening  
Which Venice ships do from swart Egypt bring.  
Long they stay'd still—then, pacing at their ease,  
Moved up and down under the glossy trees.  
But still, as they pursued their warm dry road,  
From Iseult's lips the unbroken story flow'd,  
And still the children listen'd, their blue eyes  
Fix'd on their mother's face in wide surprise ;

Nor did their looks stray once to the sea-side,  
Nor to the brown heaths round them, bright and  
    wide,  
Nor to the snow, which, though 't was all away  
From the open heath, still by the hedgerows lay,  
Nor to the shining sea-fowl, that with screams  
Bore up from where the bright Atlantic gleams,  
Swooping to landward ; nor to where, quite clear,  
The fell-fares settled on the thickets near.  
And they would still have listen'd, till dark night  
Came keen and chill down on the heather bright ,  
But, when the red glow on the sea grew cold,  
And the grey turrets of the castle old  
Look'd sternly through the frosty evening-air,  
Then Iseult took by the hand those children fair,  
And brought her tale to an end, and found the path,  
And led them home over the darkening heath.

And is she happy? Does she see unmoved  
The days in which she might have lived and loved  
Slip without bringing bliss slowly away,  
One after one, to-morrow like to-day?  
Joy has not found her yet, nor ever will—  
Is it this thought which makes her mien so still,  
Her features so fatigued, her eyes, though sweet,  
So sunk, so rarely lifted save to meet  
Her children's? She moves slow ; her voice alone  
Hath yet an infantine and silver tone,  
But even that comes languidly ; in truth,  
She seems one dying in a mask of youth.  
And now she will go home, and softly lay  
Her laughing children in their beds, and play

Awhile with them before they sleep ; and then  
She 'll light her silver lamp, which fishermen  
Dragging their nets through the rough waves afar,  
Along this iron coast, know like a star,  
And take her broidery-frame, and there she 'll sit  
Hour after hour, her gold curls sweeping it ;  
Lifting her soft-bent head only to mind  
Her children, or to listen to the wind.  
And when the clock peals midnight, she will move  
Her work away, and let her fingers rove  
Across the shaggy brows of Tristram's hound  
Who lies, guarding her feet, along the ground ;  
Or else she will fall musing, her blue eyes  
Fixt, her slight hands clasp'd on her lap ; then rise,  
And at her prie-dieu kneel, until she have told  
Her rosary-beads of ebony tipp'd with gold,  
Then to her soft sleep—and to-morrow 'll be  
To-day's exact repeated effigy.

Yes, it is lonely for her in her hall.  
The children, and the grey-hair'd seneschal,  
Her women, and Sir Tristram's aged hound,  
Are there the sole companions to be found.  
But these she loves : and noisier life than this  
She would find ill to bear, weak as she is.  
She has her children, too, and night and day  
Is with them ; and the wide heaths where they play,  
The hollies, and the cliff, and the sea-shore,  
The sands, the sea-birds, and the distant sails,  
These are to her dear as to them ; the tales  
With which this day the children she beguiled

She gleaned from Breton grandames, when a child,  
In every hut along this sea-coast wild.  
She herself loves them still, and, when they are  
told,  
Can forget all to hear them, as of old.

Dear saints, it is not sorrow, as I hear,  
Not suffering, which shuts up eye and ear  
To all that has delighted them before,  
And lets us be what we were once no more.  
No, we may suffer deeply, yet retain  
Power to be moved and soothed, for all our pain,  
By what of old pleased us, and will again.  
No, 'tis the gradual furnace of the world,  
In whose hot air our spirits are upcurl'd  
Until they crumble, or else grow like steel—  
Which kills in us the bloom, the youth, the spring—  
Which leaves the fierce necessity to feel,  
But takes away the power—this can avail,  
By drying up our joy in everything,  
To make our former pleasures all seem stale.  
This, or some tyrannous single thought, some fit  
Of passion, which subdues our souls to it,  
Till for its sake alone we live and move—  
Call it ambition, or remorse, or love—  
This too can change us wholly, and make seem  
All which we did before, shadow and dream.

And yet, I swear, it angers me to see  
How this fool passion gulls men potently ;  
Being, in truth, but a diseased unrest,  
And an unnatural overheat at best.



Was the one Iseult chose, and she brought clear  
Before the children's fancy him and her.

Blowing between the stems, the forest-air  
Had loosen'd the brown locks of Vivian's hair,  
Which play'd on her flush'd cheek, and her blue  
eyes

Sparkled with mocking glee and exercise  
Her palfrey's flanks were mired and bathed in  
sweat,

For they had travell'd far and not stopp'd yet.  
A brier in that tangled wilderness  
Had scored her white right hand, which she allows  
To rest ungloved on her green riding-dress ;  
The other warded off the drooping boughs.  
But still she chatted on, with her blue eyes  
Fix'd full on Merlin's face, her stately prize.  
Her 'haviour had the morning's fresh clear grace,  
The spirit of the woods was in her face.  
She look'd so witching fair, that learned wight  
Forgot his craft, and his best wits took flight ;  
And he grew fond, and eager to obey  
His mistress, use her empire as she may.

They came to where the brushwood ceased, and day  
Peer'd 'twixt the stems ; and the ground broke  
away,

In a sloped sward down to a brawling brook ;  
And up as high as where they stood to look  
On the brook's farther side was clear, but then  
The underwood and trees began again.

This open glen was studded thick with thorns  
Then white with blossom ; and you saw the horns,  
Through last year's fern, of the shy fallow-deer  
Who come at noon down to the water here.  
You saw the bright-eyed squirrels dart along  
Under the thorns on the green sward ; and strong  
The blackbird whistled from the dingles near,  
And the weird chipping of the woodpecker  
Rang lonely and sharp , the sky was fair,  
And a fresh breath of spring stirr'd everywhere.  
Merlin and Vivian stopp'd on the slope's brow,  
To gaze on the light sea of leaf and bough  
Which glistering plays all round them, lone and  
mild,

As if to itself the quiet forest smiled  
Upon the brow-top grew a thorn, and here  
The grass was dry and moss'd, and you saw clear  
Across the hollow ; white anemones  
Starr'd the cool turf, and clumps of primroses  
Ran out from the dark underwood behind.  
No fairer resting-place a man could find.  
'Here let us halt,' said Merlin then ; and she  
Nodded, and tied her palfrey to a tree.

They sate them down together, and a sleep  
Fell upon Merlin, more like death, so deep.  
Her finger on her lips, then Vivian rose,  
And from her brown-lock'd head the wimple throws,  
And takes it in her hand, and waves it over  
The blossom'd thorn-tree and her sleeping lover.  
Nine times she waved the fluttering wimple round,  
And made a little plot of magic ground.



And in that daisied circle, as men say,  
Is Merlin prisoner till the judgment-day;  
But she herself whither she will can rove—  
For she was passing weary of his love.

*MORTE D'ARTHUR*

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd  
Among the mountains by the winter sea;  
Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,  
Had fallen in Lyonesse about their lord,  
King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,  
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,  
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,  
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,  
A broken chancel with a broken cross,  
That stood on a dark strait of barren land;  
On one side lay the ocean, and on one  
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:  
'The sequel of to-day unsolders all  
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights  
Whereof this world holds record    Such a sleep  
They sleep—the men I loved.    I think that we  
Shall never more, at any future time,  
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,  
Walking about the gardens and the halls  
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.  
I perish by this people which I made,—  
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again  
To rule once more—but let what will be, be,

I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm  
That without help I cannot last till morn.  
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,  
Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how  
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm  
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across  
And took it, and have worn it, like a king :  
And, wheresoever I am sung or told  
In aftertime, this also shall be known :  
But now delay not : take Excalibur,  
And fling him far into the middle mere :  
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word.'

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :  
'It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,  
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.  
A little thing may harm a wounded man  
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,  
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word.'

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept  
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,  
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,  
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang  
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down  
By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,  
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,  
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,  
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth  
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt ;  
For all the haft twinkled with diamond studs,

Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work  
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long  
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,  
This way and that dividing the swift mind,  
In act to throw : but at the last it seem'd  
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd  
There in the many-knotted waterflags,  
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.  
So strode he back slow to the wounded king.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :  
'Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave ?  
What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ?'

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere .  
'I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,  
And the wild water lapping on the crag.'

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale .  
'Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,  
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd  
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight :  
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,  
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.  
This is a shameful thing for men to lie  
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again  
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing  
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word.'

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time  
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,  
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought ;  
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,  
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote  
His palms together, and he cried aloud,  
'And if indeed I cast the brand away,

Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,  
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,  
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.  
What good should follow this, if this were done?  
What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,  
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule  
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand  
An act unprofitable, against himself? 'The King is sick, and knows not what he does.  
What record, or what relic of my lord  
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath  
And rumours of a doubt? but were this kept,  
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings.  
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,  
Saying, "King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,  
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.  
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps  
Upon the hidden bases of the hills."  
So might some old man speak in the aftertime  
To all the people, winning reverence.  
But now much honour and much fame were lost.'

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,  
And hid Excalibur the second time,  
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:  
'What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?'

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:  
'I heard the water lapping on the crag,  
And the long ripple washing in the reeds.'

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:  
'Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,  
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!



*'An arm  
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake.'*

Authority forgets a dying king,  
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye  
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,  
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,  
In whom should meet the offices of all,  
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;  
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl  
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.  
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,  
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:  
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,  
I will arise and slay thee with my hands'

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,  
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged  
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,  
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand  
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,  
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,  
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,  
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock  
By night, with noises of the northern sea.  
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:  
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him  
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.  
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:  
'Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.  
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?'

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:  
'Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems

Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,  
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,  
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,  
So great a miracle as yonder hilt  
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him ;  
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him  
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.'

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard :  
'My end draws nigh ; 'tis time that I were gone.  
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight.  
And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear  
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die '

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,  
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,  
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes  
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere  
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,  
And would have spoken, but he found not words,  
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,  
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,  
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,  
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed  
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,  
Muttering and murmuring at his ear 'Quick, quick !  
I fear it is too late, and I shall die.'  
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,  
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,  
Larger than human on the frozen hills.  
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry

Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.  
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves  
And barren chasms, and all to left and right  
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based  
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang  
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—  
And on a sudden, lo ! the level lake,  
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,  
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,  
Beneath them ; and descending they were ware  
That all the decks were dense with stately forms  
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these  
Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them  
rose

A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,  
And, as it were one voice, an agony  
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills  
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,  
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, ' Place me in the barge,'  
And to the barge they came. There those three  
Queens

Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.  
But she, that rose the tallest of them all  
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,  
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,  
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,  
And dropping bitter tears against his brow  
Striped with dark blood : for all his face was white  
And colourless, and like the wither'd moon  
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east ;





*For all his face  
Was white and colourless.*

And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops  
Of onset ; and the light and lustrous curls—  
That made his forehead like a rising sun  
High from the dais-throne—were parch'd with dust ,  
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,  
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.  
So like a shatter'd column lay the King ;  
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,  
From spur to plume a star of tournament,  
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged  
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,  
' Ah ! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go ?  
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes ?  
For now I see the true old times are dead,  
When every morning brought a noble chance,  
And every chance brought out a noble knight.  
Such times have been not since the light that led  
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.  
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved  
Which was an image of the mighty world ;  
And I, the last, go forth companionless,  
And the days darken round me, and the years,  
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.'

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge :  
' The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.  
Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?  
I have lived my life, and that which I have done  
May He within Himself make pure ! but thou,  
If thou shouldst never see my face again,

Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice  
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
For what are men better than sheep or goats  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?  
For so the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.  
But now farewell. I am going a long way  
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—  
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)  
To the island-valley of Avilion;  
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies  
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns  
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,  
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.'

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail  
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan  
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,  
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood  
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere  
Revolving many memories, till the hull  
Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,  
And on the mere the wailing died away.

*THE BROOK*

## AN IDYL

'HERE, by this brook, we parted; I to the East  
And he for Italy—too late—too late:

One whom the strong sons of the world despise ;  
For lucky rhymes to him were scrip and share.  
And mellow metres more than cent for cent ;  
Nor could he understand how money breeds,  
Thought it a dead thing , yet himself could make  
The thing that is not as the thing that is.  
O had he lived ! In our schoolbooks we say,  
Of those that held their heads above the crowd,  
They flourish'd then or then ; but life in him  
Could scarce be said to flourish, only touch'd  
On such a time as goes before the leaf,  
When all the wood stands in a mist of green,  
And nothing perfect . yet the brook he loved,  
For which, in branding summers of Bengal,  
Or ev'n the sweet half-English Neilgherry air,  
I panted, seems, as I re-listen to it,  
Prattling the primrose fancies of the boy,  
To me that loved him ; for " O brook," he says,  
" O babbling brook," says Edmund in his rhyme,  
" Whence come you ? " and the brook, why not ? replies.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,  
I make a sudden sally,  
And sparkle out among the fern,  
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,  
Or slip between the ridges,  
By twenty thorps, a little town,  
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow  
To join the brimming river .  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

## THE BROOK

‘Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite worn out,  
Travelling to Naples. There is Darnley bridge,  
It has more ivy ; \*there the river ; and there  
Stands Philip’s farm where brook and river meet.

I chatter over stony ways,  
In little sharps and trebles,  
I bubble into eddying bays,  
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret  
By many a field and fallow,  
And many a fairy foreland set  
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow  
To join the brimming river :  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

‘But Philip chatter’d more than brook or bird ;  
Old Philip ; all about the fields you caught  
His weary daylong chirping, like the dry  
High-elbow’d grigs that leap in summer grass

I wind about, and in and out,  
With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout,  
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake  
Upon me, as I travel  
With many a silvery waterbreak  
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow  
To join the brimming river :  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

,

'O darling Katie Willows, his one child !  
A maiden of our century, yet most meek ;  
A daughter of our meadows, yet not coarse ;  
Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand ,  
Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair  
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell  
Divides threefold to show the fruit within.

Sweet Katie, once I did her a good turn,  
Her and her far-off cousin and betrothed,  
James Willows, of one name and heart with her.  
For here I came, twenty years back—the week  
Before I parted with poor Edmund ; cross'd  
By that old bridge which, half in ruins then,  
Still makes a hoary eyebrow for the gleam  
Beyond it, where the waters marry—cross'd,  
Whistling a random bar of Bonnie Doon,  
And push'd at Philip's garden-gate. The gate,  
Half-parted from a weak and scolding hinge,  
Stuck ; and he clamour'd from a casement, " Run,"  
To Katie somewhere in the walks below—  
" Run, Katie !" Katie never ran : she moved  
To meet me, winding under woodbine bowers,  
A little flutter'd, with her eyelids down,  
Fresh apple-blossom, blushing for a boon.

'What was it ? less of sentiment than sense  
Had Katie ; not illiterate ; nor of those  
Who dabbling in the fount of fictive tears,  
And nursed by mealy-mouth'd philanthropies,  
Divorce the Feeling from her mate the Deed.

'She told me. She and James had quarrell'd Why ?



*'A daughter of our meadows'*

What cause of quarrel? None, she said, no cause;  
James had no cause: but when I press'd the cause,  
I learnt that James had flickering jealousies  
Which anger'd her. Who anger'd James? I said.  
But Katie snatch'd her eyes at once from mine,  
And sketching with her slender pointed foot  
Some figure like a wizard's pentagram  
On garden gravel, let my query pass  
Unclaim'd, in flushing silence, till I ask'd  
If James were coming. "Coming every day,"  
She answer'd, "ever longing to explain,  
But evermore her father came across  
With some long-winded tale, and broke him short;  
And James departed vext with him and her."  
How could I help her? "Would I—was it wrong?"  
(Clasp'd hands and that petitionary grace  
Of sweet seventeen subdued me ere she spoke)  
"O would I take her father for one hour,  
For one half-hour, and let him talk to me!"  
And even while she spoke, I saw where James  
Made toward us, like a wader in the surf,  
Beyond the brook, waist-deep in meadow-sweet.

'O Katie, what I suffer'd for your sake!  
For in I went, and call'd old Philip out  
To show the farm: full willingly he rose:  
He led me through the short sweet-smelling lanes  
Of his wheat-suburb, babbling as he went.  
He praised his land, his horses, his machines;  
He praised his ploughs, his cows, his hogs, his dogs;  
He praised his hens, his geese, his guinea-hens;  
His pigeons, who in session on their roofs



## THE BROOK

Approved him, bowing at their own deserts :  
Then from the plaintive mother's teat he took  
Her blind and shuddering puppies, naming each,  
And naming those, his friends, for whom they we  
Then cross'd the common into Darnley chase  
To show Sir Arthur's deer. In copse and fern  
Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail.  
Then, seated on a serpent-rooted beech,  
He pointed out a pasturing colt, and said,  
" That was the four-year-old I sold the Squire."  
And there he told a long long-winded tale  
Of how the Squire had seen the colt at grass,  
And how it was the thing his daughter wish'd,  
And how he sent the bailiff to the farm  
To learn the price, and what the price he ask'd,  
And how the bailiff swore that he was mad,  
But he stood firm ; and so the matter hung ;  
He gave them line and five days after that  
He met the bailiff at the Golden Fleece,  
Who then and there had offer'd something more,  
But he stood firm ; and so the matter hung ;  
He knew the man ; the colt would fetch its price  
He gave them line : and how by chance at last  
(It might be May or April, he forgot,  
The last of April or the first of May)  
He found the bailiff riding by the farm,  
And, talking from the point, he drew him in,  
And there he mellow'd all his heart with ale,  
Until they closed a bargain, hand in hand.

' Then, while I breathed in sight of haven, he—  
Poor fellow, could he help it?—recommenced,

And ran through all the coltish chronicle,  
Wild Will, Black Bess, Tantivy, Tallyho,  
Reform, White Rose, Bellerophon, the Jilt,  
Arbaces, and Phenomenon, and the rest,  
Till, not to die a listener, I arose,  
And with me Philip, talking still; and so  
We turn'd our foreheads from the falling sun,  
And following our own shadows thrice as long  
As when they follow'd us from Philip's door,  
Arrived, and found the sun of sweet content  
Re-risen in Katie's eyes, and all things well.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,  
I slide by hazel covers;  
I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
Among my skimming swallows;  
I make the netted sunbeam dance  
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars  
In brambly wildernesses;  
I linger by my shingly bars;  
I loiter round my cresses:

And out again I curve and flow  
To join the brimming river:  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

Yes, men may come and go; and these are gone,  
All gone. My dearest brother, Edmund, sleeps,  
Not by the well-known stream and rustic spire,  
But unfamiliar Arno, and the dome  
Of Brunelleschi; sleeps in peace: and he,

Poor Philip, of all his lavish waste of words  
Remains the lean P. W. on his tomb :  
I scraped the lichen from it : Katie walks  
By the long wash of Australasian seas  
Far off, and holds her head to other stars,  
And breathes in converse seasons. All are gone.'

So Lawrence Aylmer, seated on a stile  
In the long hedge, and rolling in his mind  
Old waifs of rhyme, and bowing o'er the brook  
A tonsured head in middle age forlorn,  
Mused, and was mute. On a sudden a low breath  
Of tender air made tremble in the hedge  
The fragile bindweed-bells and briony rings,  
And he look'd up. There stood a maiden near,  
Waiting to pass. In much amaze he stared  
On eyes a bashful azure, and on hair  
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell  
Divides threefold to show the fruit within :  
Then, wondering, ask'd her, 'Are you from the farm ?'  
'Yes,' answer'd she. 'Pray stay a little : pardon me ;  
What do they call you ?' 'Katie.' 'That were strange.  
What surname ?' 'Willows' 'No !' 'That is my  
name.'  
'Indeed !' and here he look'd so self-perplex'd,  
That Katie laugh'd, and laughing blush'd, till he  
Laugh'd also, but as one before he wakes,  
Who feels a glimmering strangeness in his dream.  
Then looking at her ; 'Too happy, fresh and fair,  
Too fresh and fair in our sad world's best bloom,  
To be the ghost of one who bore your name  
About these meadows, twenty years ago.'

‘Have you not heard?’ said Katie, ‘we came back  
We bought the farm we tenanted before.  
Am I so like her? so they said on board.  
Sir, if you knew her in her English days,  
My mother, as it seems you did, the days  
That most she loves to talk of, come with me.  
My brother James is in the harvest field.  
But she—you will be welcome—O, come in!’

*GOBLIN MARKET*

MORNING and evening  
Maids heard the goblins cry :  
‘Come buy our orchard fruits,  
Come buy, come buy :  
Apples and quinces,  
Lemons and oranges,  
Plump unpecked cherries,  
Melons and raspberries,  
Bloom-down-cheeked peaches,  
Swart-headed mulberries,  
Wild free-born cranberries,  
Crab-apples, dewberries,  
Pine-apples, blackberries,  
Apricots, strawberries ;—  
All ripe together  
In summer weather,—  
Morns that pass by,  
Fair eves that fly ;  
Come buy, come buy :  
Our grapes fresh from the vine,

Pomegranates full and fine,  
Dates and sharp bullaces,  
' Rare pears and greengages,  
Damsons and bilberries,  
Taste them and try :  
Currants and gooseberries,  
Bright-fire-like barberries,  
Figs to fill your mouth,  
Citrons from the South,  
Sweet to tongue and sound to eye ;  
Come buy, come buy.'

Evening by evening  
Among the brookside rushes,  
Laura bowed her head to hear,  
Lizzie veiled her blushes .  
Crouching close together  
In the cooling weather,  
With clasping arms and cautioning lips,  
With tingling cheeks and finger tips.  
' Lie close,' Laura said,  
Pricking up her golden head :  
' We must not look at goblin men,  
We must not buy their fruits :  
Who knows upon what soil they fed  
Their hungry thirsty roots ?'  
' Come buy,' call the goblins  
Hobbling down the glen.  
' Oh,' cried Lizzie, ' Laura, Laura,  
You should not peep at goblin men.'  
Lizzie covered up her eyes,  
Covered close lest they should look ;

Laura reared her glossy head,  
And whispered like the restless brook :  
' Look, Lizzie, look, Lizzie,  
Down the glen tramp little men  
One hauls a basket,  
One bears a plate,  
One lugs a golden dish  
Of many pounds' weight  
How fair the vine must grow  
Whose grapes are so luscious ;  
How warm the wind must blow  
Through those fruit bushes.'  
' No,' said Lizzie ' No, no, no ;  
Their offers should not charm us,  
Their evil gifts would harm us.'  
She thrust a dimpled finger  
In each ear, shut eyes and ran :  
Curious Laura chose to linger  
Wondering at each merchant man.  
One had a cat's face,  
One whisked a tail,  
One tramped at a rat's pace,  
One crawled like a snail,  
One like a wombat prowled obtuse and furry,  
One like a ratel tumbled hurry skurry.  
She heard a voice like voice of doves  
Cooing all together :  
They sounded kind and full of loves  
In the pleasant weather

Laura stretched her gleaming neck  
Like a rush-imbedded swan,



"Buy from us with @ golden curl"

Like a lily from the beck,  
Like a moonlit poplar branch,  
Like a vessel at the launch  
When its last restraint is gone.

Backwards up the mossy glen  
Turned and trooped the goblin men,  
With their shrill repeated cry,  
'Come buy, come buy.'  
When they reached where Laura was  
They stood stock still upon the moss,  
Leering at each other,  
Brother with queer brother,  
Signalling each other,  
Brother with sly brother  
One set his basket down,  
One reared his plate;  
One began to weave a crown  
Of tendrils, leaves, and rough nuts brown  
(Men sell not such in any town);  
One heaved the golden weight  
Of dish and fruit to offer her:  
'Come buy, come buy,' was still their cry.  
Laura stared but did not stir,  
Longed but had no money.  
The whisk-tailed merchant bade her taste  
In tones as smooth as honey,  
The cat-fac'd purred,  
The rat-paced spoke a word  
Of welcome, and the snail-paced even was heard;  
One parrot-voiced and jolly  
Cried 'Pretty Goblin' still for 'Pretty Polly';



One whistled like a bird.  
But sweet-tooth Laura spoke in haste :  
, ‘ Good Folk, I have no coin ;  
To take were to purloin :  
I have no copper in my purse,  
I have no silver either,  
And all my gold is on the furze  
That shakes in windy weather  
Above the rusty heather.’  
‘ You have much gold upon your head,’  
They answered all together .  
‘ Buy from us with a golden curl.’  
She clipped a precious golden lock,  
She dropped a tear more rare than pearl,  
Then sucked their fruit globes fair or red.  
Sweeter than honey from the rock,  
Stronger than man-rejoicing wine,  
Clearer than water flowed that juice ,  
She never tasted such before,  
How should it cloy with length of use ?  
She sucked and sucked and sucked the more  
Fruits which that unknown orchard bore ;  
She sucked until her lips were sore ,  
Then flung the emptied rinds away  
But gathered up one kernel stone,  
And knew not was it night or day  
As she turned home alone.

Lizzie met her at the gate  
Full of wise upbraidings .  
‘ Dear, you should not stay so late,  
Twilight is not good for maidens ;

Should not loiter in the glen  
In the haunts of goblin men.  
Do you not remember Jeanie,  
How she met them in the moonlight,  
Took their gifts both choice and many,  
Ate their fruits and wore their flowers  
Plucked from bowers  
Where summer ripens at all hours?  
But ever in the moonlight  
She pined and pined away;  
Sought them by night and day,  
Found them no more, but dwindled and grew  
    grey;  
Then fell with the first snow,  
While to this day no grass will grow  
Where she lies low:  
I planted daisies there a year ago  
That never blow.  
You should not loiter so.'  
'Nay, hush,' said Laura.  
'Nay, hush, my sister:  
I ate and ate my fill,  
Yet my mouth waters still:  
To-morrow night I will  
Buy more'; and kissed her.  
'Have done with sorrow,  
I'll bring you plums to-morrow  
Fresh on their mother twigs,  
Cherries worth getting;  
You cannot think what figs  
My teeth have met in,  
What melons icy-cold

Piled on a dish of gold  
Too huge for me to hold,  
What peaches with a velvet nap,  
Pellucid grapes without one seed :  
Odorous indeed must be the mead  
Whereon they grow, and pure the wave they  
    drink  
With lilies at the brink,  
And sugar-sweet their sap.'

Golden head by golden head,  
Like two pigeons in one nest  
Folded in each other's wings,  
They lay down in their curtained bed  
Like two blossoms on one stem,  
Like two flakes of new fall'n snow,  
Like two wands of ivory  
Tipped with gold for awful kings.  
Moon and stars gazed in at them,  
Wind sang to them lullaby,  
Lumbering owls forebore to fly,  
Not a bat flapped to and fro  
Round their nest :  
Cheek to cheek and breast to breast  
Locked together in one nest.

Early in the morning  
When the first cock crowed his warning,  
Neat like bees, as sweet and busy,  
Laura rose with Lizzie :  
Fetched in honey, milked the cows,  
Aired and set to rights the house,

Kneaded cakes of whitest wheat,  
Cakes for dainty mouths to eat,  
Next churned butter, whipped up cream,  
Fed their poultry, sat and sewed ;  
Talked as modest maidens should :  
Lizzie with an open heart,  
Laura in an absent dream,  
One content, one sick in part ;  
One warbling for the mere bright day's delight,  
One longing for the night.

At length slow evening came :  
They went with pitchers to the reedy brook ;  
Lizzie most placid in her look,  
Laura most like a leaping flame.  
They drew the gurgling water from its deep.  
Lizzie plucked purple and rich golden flags,  
Then turning homeward said : 'The sunset  
flushes

Those furthest loftiest crags ;  
Come, Laura, not another maiden lags.  
No wilful squirrel wags,  
The beasts and birds are fast asleep.'  
But Laura loitered still among the rushes,  
And said the bank was steep  
And said the hour was early still,  
The dew not fall'n, the wind not chill ;  
Listening ever, but not catching  
The customary cry,  
'Come buy, come buy,'  
With its iterated jingle  
Of sugar-baited words .

Not for all her watching  
Once discerning even one goblin  
• Racing, whisking, tumbling, hobbling—  
Let alone the herds  
That used to tramp along the glen,  
In groups or single,  
Of brisk fruit-merchant men.

Till Lizzie urged, 'O Laura, come ;  
I hear the fruit-call, but I dare not look :  
You should not loiter longer at this brook :  
Come with me home.  
The stars rise, the moon bends her arc,  
Each glow-worm winks her spark,  
Let us get home before the night grows dark :  
For clouds may gather  
Though this is summer weather,  
Put out the lights and drench us through ;  
Then if we lost our way what should we do ?'

Laura turned cold as stone  
To find her sister heard that cry alone,  
That goblin cry,  
'Come buy our fruits, come buy '  
Must she then buy no more such dainty fruit ?  
Must she no more such succous pasture find,  
Gone deaf and blind ?  
Her tree of life drooped from the root :  
She said not one word in her heart's sore ache :  
But peering thro' the dimness, nought discerning,  
Trudged home, her pitcher dripping all the way ;  
So crept to bed, and lay

Silent till Lizzie slept ;  
Then sat up in a passionate yearning,  
And gnashed her teeth for baulked desire, and  
                  wept  
As if her heart would break.

Day after day, night after night,  
Laura kept watch in vain  
In sullen silence of exceeding pain  
She never caught again the goblin cry,  
'Come buy, come buy' ;—  
She never spied the goblin men  
Hawking their fruit along the glen  
But when the moon waxed bright  
Her hair grew thin and grey ;  
She dwindled, as the fair full moon doth turn  
To swift decay and burn  
Her fire away.

One day remembering her kernel-stone  
She set it by a wall that faced the south ;  
Dewed it with tears, hoped for a root,  
Watched for a waxing shoot,  
But there came none  
It never saw the sun,  
It never felt the trickling moisture run :  
While with sunk eyes and faded mouth  
She dreamed of melons, as a traveller sees  
False waves in desert drouth  
With shade of leaf-crowned trees,  
And burns the thirstier in the sandful breeze.  
She no more swept the house,  
Tended the fowls or cows,

Fetch'd honey, kneaded cakes of wheat,  
Brought water from the brook :  
• But sat down listless in the chimney-nook  
And would not eat.

Tender Lizzie could not bear  
To watch her sister's cankerous care,  
Yet not to share.  
She night and morning  
Caught the goblins' cry :  
'Come buy our orchard fruits,  
Come buy, come buy' :—  
Beside the brook, along the glen,  
She heard the tramp of goblin men,  
The voice and stir  
Poor Laura could not hear ;  
Longed to buy fruit to comfort her,  
But feared to pay too dear.  
She thought of Jeanie in her grave,  
Who should have been a bride ;  
But who for joys brides hope to have  
Fell sick and died  
In her gay prime,  
In earliest winter time,  
With the first glazing rime,  
With the first snow-fall of crisp winter time

Till Laura dwindling  
Seemed knocking at Death's door.  
Then Lizzie weighed no more  
Better and worse ;

But put a silver penny in her purse,  
Kissed Laura, crossed the heath with clump  
furze

At twilight, halted by the brook.  
And for the first time in her life  
Began to listen and look.

Laughed every goblin  
When they spied her peeping :  
Came towards her hobbling,  
Flying, running, leaping,  
Puffing and blowing,  
Chuckling, clapping, crowing,  
Clucking and gobbling,  
Mopping and mowing,  
Full of airs and graces,  
Pulling wry faces,  
Demure grimaces,  
Cat-like and rat-like,  
Ratel- and wombat-like,  
Snail-paced in a hurry,  
Parrot-voiced and whistler,  
Helter skelter, hurry skurry,  
Chattering like magpies,  
Fluttering like pigeons,  
Gliding like fishes,—  
Hugged her and kissed her :  
Squeezed and caressed her :  
Stretched up their dishes  
Panniers, and plates :  
'Look at our apples  
Russet and dun,



Bob at our cherries,  
Bite at our peaches,  
Citrons and dates,  
Grapes for the asking,  
Pears red with basking  
Out in the sun,  
Plums on their twigs ;  
Pluck them and suck them,—  
Pomegranates, figs.'

'Good folk,' said Lizzie,  
Mindful of Jeanie :  
'Give me much and many':  
Held out her apron,  
Tossed them her penny.  
'Nay, take a seat with us,  
Honour and eat with us,'  
They answered grinning.  
'Our feast is but beginning.  
Night yet is early,  
Warm and dew-pearly,  
Wakeful and starry :  
Such fruits as these  
No man can carry ;  
Half their bloom would fly,  
Half their dew would dry,  
Half their flavour would pass by.  
Sit down and feast with us,  
Be welcome guest with us,  
Cheer you and rest with us.'—  
'Thank you,' said Lizzie : 'But one waits  
At home alone for me :

So without further parleying,  
If you will not sell me any  
Of your fruits though much and many,  
Give me back my silver penny  
I tossed you for a fee.'—  
They began to scratch their pates,  
No longer wagging, purring,  
But visibly demurring,  
Grunting and snarling.  
One called her proud,  
Cross-grained, uncivil;  
'Their tones waxed loud,  
Their looks were evil.  
Lashing their tails  
They trod and hustled her,  
Elbowed and jostled her,  
Clawed with their nails,  
Barking, mewing, hissing, mocking,  
Tore her gown and soiled her stocking,  
Twitched her hair out by the roots,  
Stamped upon her tender feet,  
Held her hands and squeezed their fruits  
Against her mouth to make her eat.

White and golden Lizzie stood,  
Like a lily in a flood,—  
Like a rock of blue-veined stone  
Lashed by tides obstreperously,—  
Like a beacon left alone  
In a hoary roaring sea,  
Sending up a golden fire,—  
Like a fruit-crowned orange-tree

White with blossoms honey-sweet  
Sore beset by wasp and bee,—  
Like a royal virgin town  
Topped with gilded dome and spire  
Close beleagured by a fleet  
Mad to tug her standard down.  
One may lead a horse to water,  
Twenty cannot make him drink.  
Though the goblins cuffed and caught her,  
Coaxed and fought her,  
Bullied and besought her,  
Scratched her, pinched her black as ink,  
Kicked and knocked her,  
Mauled and mocked her,  
Lizzie uttered not a word,  
Would not open lip from lip  
Lest they should cram a mouthful in :  
But laughed in heart to feel the drip  
Of juice that syruiped all her face,  
And lodged in dimples of her chin,  
And streaked her neck which quaked like curd.  
At last the evil people,  
Worn out by her resistance, ,  
Flung back her penny, kicked their fruit  
Along whichever road they took,  
Not leaving root or stone or shoot ;  
Some writhed into the ground,  
Some dived into the brook  
With ring and ripple,  
Some scudded on the gale without a sound,  
Some vanished in the distance.

In a smart, ache, tingle,  
Lizzie went her way ;  
Knew not was it night or day ;  
Sprang up the bank, tore thro' the furze,  
Threaded copse and dingle,  
And heard her penny jingle  
Bouncing in her purse,—  
Its bounce was music to her ear.  
She ran and ran  
As if she feared some goblin man  
Dogged her with gibe or curse  
Or something worse :  
But not one goblin skurried after,  
Nor was she pricked by fear ;  
The kind heart made her windy-paced  
That urged her home quite out of breath with  
haste  
And inward laughter.

She cried, ' Laura,' up the garden,  
' Did you miss me ?  
Come and kiss me.  
Never mind my bruises,  
Hug me, kiss me, suck my juices  
Squeezed from goblin fruits for you,  
Goblin pulp and goblin dew.  
Eat me, drink me, love me ;  
Laura, make much of me ,  
For your sake I have braved the glen  
And had to do with goblin merchant men.'

Laura started from her chair,  
Flung her arms up in the air,

Clutched her hair :  
‘Lizzie, Lizzie, have you tasted  
For my sake the fruit forbidden?  
Must your light like mine be hidden,  
Your young life like mine be wasted,  
Undone in mine undoing,  
And ruined in my ruin,  
Thirsty, cankered, goblin-ridden?’—  
She clung about her sister,  
Kissed and kissed and kissed her :  
Tears once again  
Refreshed her shrunken eyes,  
Dropping like rain  
After long sultry drouth ;  
Shaking with anguish, fear, and pain,  
She kissed and kissed her with a hungry mouth.  
Her lips began to scorch,  
That juice was wormwood to her tongue,  
She loathed the feast :  
Writhing as one possessed she leaped and sung,  
Rent all her robe, and wrung  
Her hands in lamentable haste,  
And beat her breast.  
Her locks streamed like the torch  
Borne by a racer at full speed,  
Or like the mane of horses in their flight,  
Or like an eagle when she stems the light  
Straight towards the sun,  
Or like a caged thing freed,  
Or like a flying flag when armies run.  
Swift fire spread through her veins, knocked at  
her heart,

Met the fire smouldering there  
And overbore its lesser flame ;  
She gorged on bitterness without a name :  
Ah fool, to choose such part  
Of soul-consuming care !  
Sense failed in the mortal strife :  
Like the watch-tower of a town  
Which an earthquake shatters down,  
Like a lightning-stricken mast,  
Like a wind-uprooted tree  
Spun about,  
Like a foam-topped waterspout  
Cast down headlong in the sea,  
She fell at last ;  
Pleasure past and anguish past,  
Is it death or is it life ?  
Life out of death  
That night long, Lizzie watched by her,  
Counted her pulse's flagging stir,  
Felt for her breath,  
Held water to her lips, and cooled her face  
With tears and fanning leaves.  
But when the first birds chirped about their eaves,  
And early reapers plodded to the place  
Of golden sheaves,  
And dew-wet grass  
Bowed in the morning winds so brisk to pass,  
And new buds with new day  
Opened of cup-like lilies on the stream,  
Laura awoke as from a dream,  
Laughed in the innocent old way,  
Hugged Lizzie but not twice or thrice ;



Her gleaming locks showed not one thread of  
    grey,  
Her breath was sweet as May,  
And light danced in her eyes.

Days, weeks, months, years  
Afterwards, when both were wives  
With children of their own ;  
Their mother-hearts beset with fears,  
Their lives bound up in tender lives ;  
Laura would call the little ones  
And tell them of her early prime,  
Those pleasant days long gone  
Of not-returning time :  
Would talk about the haunted glen,  
The wicked, quaint fruit-merchant men,  
Their fruits like honey to the throat  
But poison in the blood  
(Men sell not such in any town) :  
Would tell them how her sister stood  
In deadly peril to do her good,  
And win the fiery antidote :  
Then joining hands to little hands  
Would bid them cling together,—  
‘For there is no friend like a sister  
In calm or stormy weather ;  
To cheer one on the tedious way,  
To fetch one if one goes astray,  
To lift one if one totters down,  
To strengthen whilst one stands.’



## COMMENTARY

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**Page 9. *THE BALLAD OF CHEVY CHASE.***—This well-known story-poem is taken from Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, published in 1765. The volume contains, with other poems, a collection of ballads such as used to be sung or recited in a kind of monotone by strolling performers who went from house to house with their songs old and new. 'The song or chant,' we read, 'when given by a professed performer was usually accompanied by a harp, guitar, fiddle, or other suitable instrument. . . . The ballad would be given in the huge chimney-nook of a farmhouse or on the bench of a village green, to some casual knot of listeners, in such irregular and imperfect fashion as the memory and voice of some old woman or peasant youth could attain. But the printer encroached more and more on the power and privileges of the minstrel, whose profession grew ever poorer and poorer, till at last he is described in an Act of the time of Elizabeth as among "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars."' The version of *Chevy Chase* here given is said to differ from the original old song, but is here adopted as being the best-known form of the ballad. The poem is, of course, historical, but only in a restricted sense. Some of the incidents and verses are borrowed from the ballads on 'The Battle of Otterbourne' relating to an encounter between Percy and Douglas in 1388. But for the rest all is confusion, and the historical value of the ballad lies in its presentment of a typical picture of Border warfare.

**Page 21. *Nymphidia.***—Michael Drayton, the author of this

poem, lived in the time of Shakespeare, and was, moreover, a native of the same county—namely, Warwickshire. He endeavoured to make poetry of history and geography, for he wrote several long poems on various events in our national story, and in 1613 published his *Polyolbion*, a poetical description of his native land in nearly sixteen thousand lines, with maps of counties and topographical notes. But he is now chiefly remembered for his fine *Ballad of Agincourt* and the poem *Nymphidia*, which is, however, not so well known as it ought to be. Not only does this latter poem possess intrinsic interest and charm, but it is connected with (1) Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, in which Drayton's Queen Mab is named Titania, and with (2) the old nursery story of Tom Thumb, King Arthur's dwarf. Those readers who are familiar with Shakespeare's play, and with the facts of the nursery tale, will be interested to trace the connections and to unravel the fairy mythology from which Shakespeare and other Elizabethans derived a considerable amount of inspiration.

**Page 49. THE ANCIENT MARINER.**—Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born in 1772 and died in 1834. 'All that he did as a poet,' writes a well-known critic, 'might be bound in twenty pages, but it should be bound in pure gold.' This is an extreme opinion, but it will serve to remind us that Coleridge's output as a poet was by no means large when compared with that of other poets of equivalent rank.

After having tried to make out the story of the *Ancient Mariner* by himself, the student may find useful the following summary by Professor Dowden:—

'Throughout the poem the horror is either itself a form of beauty or is constantly relieved by the presence of strangeness in beauty. From the freshness and fairness of the bride, red as a rose, and the mirth of the bridal minstrelsy, we pass by swift and yet gentle gradations to the tyranny of the storm-blast (but this is a lordly winged thing), to the gleam of the iceberg mast-high

and "as green as emerald," to the moonshine glimmering white through the midnight haze, to the stagnant ocean with its glare by day, and at night the reeling death-fires, green, white, and blue. Even the nightmare Life-in-Death has a beauty in horror. Even the water-snakes, seen under the moving moon, rearing and coiling in shining tracks and throwing off the hoary light in elvish flakes, are so beautiful and so joyous that they enforce an instant and a redeeming blessing. And then there comes the gentleness of sleep, and the refreshment of rain, and, the quickening of wind. The shipmen may be a ghastly crew, but it is happy spirits that lift up the bodies, and with what melodious sounds they fill the air as they depart at dawn :

"Sometimes a-dropping from the sky  
I heard the sky-lark sing ;  
Sometimes all little birds that are,  
How they seemed to fill the sea and air  
With their sweet jargoning !"

'At last, after all the stress and strain, with what a soft subsidence of pain and what a sweet surprise of joy, lighthouse and harbour-bar, the familiar hill, the little kirk are once more seen, while a new wonder of beauty is added to all that is familiar by the luminous seraphs who stand and signal to the land.'

The poem is one of the most musical in the language, and the student ought to read it aloud in order to catch the cadence of the syllables. Those who enjoy *The Ancient Mariner* should read next Coleridge's poem entitled *Christabel*.

**Page 76. THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN.**—It is hoped that this passage from one of the best of Sir Walter Scott's poetical works will lead the student to make acquaintance with the whole poem. *Marmion* was published in 1808, so that it belongs to the earlier and more vigorous period of the poet, who was born in 1771 and died in 1832.

Many poets of the first rank have given us stirring battle-pieces,

but this of Sir Walter Scott is one of the finest of all. A great critic has said: 'Of all the poetical battles which have been fought, from the days of Homer onward, there is none at all comparable, for interest and animation—for breadth of drawing and magnificence of effect, with this of Scott's. . . . From the moment the author gets in sight of Flodden field he does not once flag or grow tedious. . . . There is a flight of five or six hundred lines in which he never stoops his wing nor wavers in his course, but carries the reader forward with a more rapid, sustained and lofty movement than any epic bard that we can at present remember.

The battle was fought on September 9, 1513. Scott's account of the fight is, on the whole, in accordance with those of the most trustworthy chroniclers. James had a force of 50,000 men, well appointed, especially in artillery. The Earl of Surrey, who commanded the English in the absence of the King, who was in France, had collected at Wooler a strong force of billmen, archers, and infantry, but had comparatively few nobles. He found King James posted on Flodden Hill, facing southwards, and by crossing the Till which defended the Scottish position on their left, cut off the King from Scotland. James faced about and led his men down the hill to meet the foe, so that the battle took place to the north of Flodden Edge.

'The right of the English,' writes a historian, 'was under Surrey's sons, the Admiral, and Edmund Howard; the centre under Surrey himself, and the left under Stanley. Dacre was with the horse in reserve. Of the Scots, Huntley and Home with the Borderers (left wing) opposed Surrey's sons; James was in the centre, and Lennox and Argyle fronted Stanley. The English right came first into action, and was rudely shaken, but Home's men separated and began to plunder. This enabled the Admiral to rally, and he attacked and threw into confusion Crawford and Montrose on the Scottish left centre; meanwhile

the fire of the archers on the English left had broken the Highlanders, and Stanley, sweeping them away, made a decisive charge on the flank and rear of the Scots centre which was pressing Surrey hard. This formed into a rough circle round the King, and was attacked on all sides till nightfall, when the few survivors escaped.'

**Page 95. THE ROMAUNT OF THE PAGE.**—Mrs. Browning, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, was born in 1806 and died in 1861. She married the poet Robert Browning in 1846. Her finest work was done after her marriage. In her *Sonnets from the Portuguese* she tells of the wonderful change which love brought into her life. The married poets lived in Italy, and many of their poems were inspired by their connection with that country. Mrs. Browning's longest poem, *Aurora Leigh*, has been described as 'a novel in verse,' and many of the incidents in the story are founded upon events in the life of the authoress.

*The Romaunt of the Page* is written in imitation of the old poems of a ballad character, and contains, as we have seen, a few archaic or old-fashioned expressions such as are found in poems of that kind (see *Chevy Chase*). It is not offered as one of the best specimens of the poet's work, but because of its simple and pathetic narrative.

Those who like the story of this poem here given are recommended to read *The Rhyme of the Duchess May*, *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, *The Romance of the Swan's Nest*, and *Cowper's Grave*, before commencing *Aurora Leigh*.

**Page 109. OSSEO AND OWEENEE**—This story-poem is taken from what is regarded by many as the finest poem written by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, namely, *The Song of Hiawatha*. It will be seen that it has no internal connection with the tale of Hiawatha, the Indian chief. Indeed, it is supposed to have been

told at his wedding-feast by the native story-teller, and is an excellent example of the poetic Indian legends, of which Longfellow makes good use in his poem. Many of them he drew from the work of H. R. Schoolcraft, who made a special study of Indian folk-lore. Concerning *The Song of Hiawatha*, which the student ought to read in its entirety, one writer says: 'It has a unique beauty and fascination. As charming as a fairy-tale, there is a chord of wild melancholy vibrating through it. Figures strange, beautiful, and terrible peer at us out of the tameless wilderness that is the background; savage beasts enter into the story and play their part like the human characters; Nature itself is humanised, and the human creatures seem at times to be resolved into the forces of Nature.'

Though Longfellow is an American poet, he is better known to English readers than the majority of their own writers of verse. This is partly because of the simplicity of his work, and partly because he appeals to the interests and affections of ordinary people. His shorter poems, such as *The Village Blacksmith*, *The Psalm of Life*, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, etc., are among the first to be learned in childhood.

**Page 135. KING ROBERT OF SICILY**—This poem, founded upon an old legend, is one of the many to be found in the works of Longfellow which bear evidence of the poet's close and continued study of the history and literature of mediæval Europe

Not long before the Normans conquered England they succeeded in gaining a foothold in the south of Italy, where they established a feudal state which ultimately included the island of Sicily, and had its centre in the city of Naples. The chief city of Sicily under Norman rule was Palermo.

**Page 143. HORATIUS.**—This poem is one of the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, written by Lord Macaulay, who was born in 1800

and died in 1859. In his preface to the poem he writes : 'The following ballad is supposed to have been made about a hundred and twenty years after the war which it celebrates, and just before the taking of Rome by the Gauls. The author seems to have been an honest citizen, proud of the military glory of his country, sick of the disputes of factions, and much given to pining after good old times which had never really existed.'

The story of Horatius is one of the early Roman legends, of which several versions are in existence. A more ancient account than that followed by Macaulay, makes Horatius perish in the waters of the river. The legend was a favourite one among the Romans, and was often recited in funeral orations delivered at the obsequies of members of the noble family which traced its descent from the hero of the bridge.

A full understanding of the details of this poem is only possible to those who are familiar with early Roman history and geography. The central idea and the course of action can, however, be perfectly understood without this knowledge.

**Page 169. SOHRAB AND RUSTUM.**—Matthew Arnold, the author of this and the poem immediately following, was born in 1822 and died in 1885. He was the son of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, who has been described as 'the prince of schoolmasters,' and was educated at Winchester, Rugby, and Oxford. He became an Inspector of Schools, and was made Professor of Poetry at Oxford. His poetic output was not large, but his work is for the most part of excellent quality, and *Sohrab and Rustum* is one of his best poems. It was published in 1853 along with the following note —

'The story of Sohrab and Rustum is told in Sir John Malcolm's *History of Persia* as follows: The young Sohrab was the fruit of one of Rustum's early alliances. He had left his mother and sought fame under the banners of Afrasiab, whose armies he commanded, and soon obtained a renown beyond that of all con-



temporary heroes but his father. He had carried death and dismay into the ranks of the Persians, and had terrified the boldest warriors of that country, before Rustum encountered him, which at last that hero resolved to do under a feigned name. They met three times. The first time they parted by mutual consent, though Sohrab had the advantage; the second, the youth obtained a victory, but granted life to his unknown father; the third was fatal to Sohrab, who when writhing in the pangs of death, warned his conqueror to shun the vengeance that is inspired by parental woes, and bade him dread the rage of the mighty Rustum, who must soon learn that he had slain his son Sohrab. These words, we are told, were as death to the aged hero; and when he recovered from a trance, he called in despair for proofs of what Sohrab had said. The afflicted and dying youth tore open his mail, and showed his father a seal which his mother had placed on his arm when she discovered to him the secret of his birth, and bade him seek his father. The sight of his own signet rendered Rustum quite frantic; he cursed himself, attempting to put an end to his existence, and was only prevented by the efforts of his expiring son. After Sohrab's death he burnt his tents and all his goods, and carried the corpse to Seistan where it was interred. The army of Turan was, agreeably to the last request of Sohrab, permitted to cross the Oxus unmolested. To reconcile us to the improbability of this tale, we are informed that Rustum could have no idea his son was in existence. The mother of Sohrab had written to tell him her child was a daughter, fearing to lose her darling infant if she revealed the truth; and Rustum, as before stated, fought under a feigned name, a usage not uncommon in the chivalrous combats of those days.

The story of the poem belongs to the semi-mythical period of Persian history. Rustum embodies all the national ideals of a hero and distinguishes himself especially in the combats of the Persians with Afrasiab, the leader of the wild Turanians, or

Scythians or Tartars The 'history' of the period is not material to the understanding and appreciation of the poem, which makes its appeal to us because of the moving situation that is described so well by the poet.

The student should note in his second reading of the poem (1) the vivid word-pictures, in the delineation of which Arnold excels; (2) the many striking similes, some of which have little connection with the course of the narrative, but are of great intrinsic beauty; (3) the felicity of the language and the frequent matching of the sound with the sense—*e.g.*

‘ Their shields  
Dash’d with a clang together, and a din  
Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters  
Make often in the forest’s heart at morn,  
Of hewing axes, crashing trees ’

‘ As on some partridge in the corn a hawk,  
That long has tower’d in the airy clouds,  
Drops like a plummet ’

**Page 202.** *TRISTRAM AND ISEULT*.—Matthew Arnold’s note to this poem runs as follows:—

‘ In the court of his uncle, King Marc, the King of Cornwall, who at this time resided at the Castle of Tyntagel, Tristram became expert in all knightly exercises. The King of Ireland, at Tristram’s solicitations, promised to bestow his daughter Iseult in marriage on King Marc. The mother of Iseult gave to her daughter’s confidante a philtre, or love-potion, to be administered on the day of her nuptials. Of this beverage Tristram and Iseult, on their voyage to Cornwall, unfortunately partook. Its influence, during the remainder of their lives, regulated the affections and destiny of the lovers. After the arrival of Tristram and Iseult in Cornwall, and the nuptials of the latter with King Marc, a great part of the romance is occupied with their contrivances to procure secret interviews. Tristram, being forced to leave Cornwall on account of the

displeasure of his uncle, repaired to Brittany, where lived Iseult of the White Hands. He married her more out of gratitude than love. Afterwards he proceeded to the dominions of Arthur, which became the theatre of unnumbered exploits.

‘Tristram, subsequent to these events, returned to Brittany, and to his long-neglected wife. There, being wounded and sick, he was soon reduced to the lowest ebb. In this situation, he despatched a confidant to the Queen of Cornwall, to try if he could induce her to follow him to Brittany.’

This story is not told directly in Arnold’s poem, but the careful reader can readily put it together. The unity of the poem is marred by the concluding portion, which is somewhat long drawn out and not relevant to the central idea; though in parts it has a certain pictorial beauty of its own, as in the account of the children at play.

Tennyson also tells of the famous lovers in the idyll known as *The Last Tournament*, but he ends the story in a different manner. After his marriage with Iseult of Brittany, Tristram crossed the sea, and in a tournament at the Court of King Arthur won a ruby carcanet, which he carried to Iseult of Cornwall as a love gift. The Queen hazards the guess that the ornament is

‘The collar of some Order, which our King  
Hath newly founded, all for thee, my soul,  
For thee, to yield thee grace beyond thy peers

“Not so, my Queen,” he said, “but the red fruit  
Grown on a magic oak-tree in mid-heaven,  
And won by Tristram as a tourney-prize,  
And hither brought by Tristram for his last  
Love-offering and peace-offering unto thee”

‘He rose, he turn’d, then, flinging round her neck,  
Claspt it, and cried “Thine Order, O my Queen!”  
But, while he bow’d to kiss the jewell’d throat,  
Out of the dark, just as the lips had touch’d,  
Behind him rose a shadow and a shriek—  
“Mark’s way,” sud Mark, and clove him thro’ the brain”

the author of this and the following poem, belongs properly to the mid-Victorian time. He was born in 1808 and died in 1892. This poem was first published in 1842, and its presence here will serve to remind us that the poet's longest and most sustained work is a series of 'idylls' in which are pictured the times of Arthur, the semi-mythical King who reigned in the southern portion of Britain in the early days.

Tennyson himself said of these poems that they were 'faint Homeric echoes, nothing worth.' Like Homer, he keeps certain epithets for certain people and things—*e.g.* Sir Bedivere is always 'the bold'—and he repeats phrases and sentences with little or no alteration—*e.g.* the arm which rose from the bosom of the lake is

'Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful',

and we have a recurrence of the lines—

'I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,  
And the wild water lapping on the crag'

This poem deals, of course, with the closing scene in the life of the great King after his final battle with a traitor knight, Sir Modred. The careful reader can piece together from it a good deal of the story of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.

Tennyson wrote a note on this poem which ran as follows.—

'How much of history we have in the story of Arthur is doubtful. Let not my readers press too hardly on details, whether for history or for allegory. Some think that King Arthur may be taken to typify Conscience. He is, anyhow, meant to be a man who spent himself in the cause of honour, duty, and self-sacrifice, who felt and aspired with his nobler knights, though with a stronger and a clearer conscience than any of them "reverencing his conscience as his King." "There was no such perfect man since Adam," as an old writer says, "Major praeteritis majorque futuri Regibus."'

**Page 241. *THE BROOK*.**—The lyric which runs through this poem is usually printed alone in books of Tennysonian selections. It is here given in its original setting—a story-poem of English life, not of very high poetic value or absorbing interest as narrative, but possessing a certain amount of rustic charm, and adorned with a few lines and phrases which are often quoted—*e.g.*

‘ By the long wash of Australasian seas.’

**Page 250. *GOBLIN MARKET*.**—This poem is from the pen of Christina G. Rossetti, who was born in 1830 and died in 1899. She belonged to a distinguished family, and was the sister of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the famous poet and painter. Her poetic work is not great in quantity, but she takes high rank among women writers of verse.

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